

FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1918

# Reed's MIRROR



*The nobler a soul is the  
more objects of compassion it hath . .*

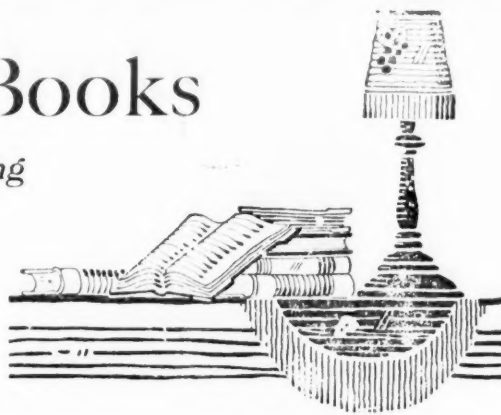
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TROPICAL TOWN AND OTHER POEMS by Salomon de la Selva. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.25.  
Poems.

LIEGE ON THE LINE OF MARCH by Glenn L. Bigelow. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.00.  
The diary of an American g. in Belgium at the time of the coming of the Germans.

ILLUSIONS AND REALITIES OF THE WAR by Francis Grierson. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.25.  
Theories on the war and the conditions of the times, by a mystic and aesthete.

THE BETHLEHEM BACH CHOIR by Raymond Walters. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Co., \$2.50.  
An historical and interpretative sketch of the religious, community and musical aspects of "the best choir in the United States," whose spring festivals at Lehigh have become world famed. Illustrated.

THE TOLL OF THE ROAD by Marion Hill. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.

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The struggle of a woman with ideals to win her husband away from the materialism into which through his first wife's influence he had lapsed. By the author of "The Harbor" and "His Family."

SHANDYGAF by Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday Page Co., \$1.40.

Stories, essays and sketches, whimsical and wise and tender.

INDIA AND THE FUTURE by William Archer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$3.00.

A comprehensive survey of Indian conditions which from an unprejudiced premise concludes that the relations between Great Britain and India must end eventually in a self-governing India, capable of taking her place on terms of equality with the great nations of the earth. Illustrated.

SHOCK AT THE FRONT by William T. Porter, M. D. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press, \$1.25.

The highly interesting experiences of a keen observer told with vivacity and charm. The record of medical investigation of shell shock.

THE TRIANGLE OF HEALTH by Alma C. Arnold. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.25.

A brief for chiropractic, claiming that the body builds itself constantly through the thoughts it thinks and the food it assimilates; that the nervous system is responsible for the performance of the functions of the body, and that ills must be righted by natural means instead of drugs. Illustrated.

THE STAG'S HORN BOOK edited by John McClure. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.00.

Convivial and merry English verse from the early days to the present time, published in a pocket-size volume, designed to be a companion rather than an encyclopedia.

SCIENTIFIC DISTRIBUTION by Charles F. Higham. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.50.

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THE MASTER by Hermann Bahr. Philadelphia: Nicholas L. Brown, \$1.00.

A play in three acts with a Nietzschean egoist as the central figure, adapted for the American stage by Benjamin F. Glazer.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT by Franklin K. Lane. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., 75c.

The ideals of the American nation, the cause for which we are fighting, our relations to the Allies, our obligations and opportunities, forcibly and eloquently stated by the Secretary of the Interior.

SOLDIERS BOTH by Gustave Guiches. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., \$1.40.

A novel of two soldiers of France, one in the army, the other tilling the soil. Translated by Frederick Taber Cooper.

DEAR MABLE by E. Streeter. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., 75c.

Love letters of a rookie. Page drawings.

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN SOLDIER TO HIS FATHER by L. L. Curtis Wheeler. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co., 75c.

Fourteen letters full of the joy of life and the spirit of adventure, written from the French front by an American.

THE SILVER TRUMPET by Amelia Josephine Burr. New York: George H. Doran Co., \$1.00.

Poems of inspiration and challenge to those who remain at home.

THE MAINLAND by E. L. Grant Watson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.50.

A tale of the tropics—the eagerly awaited second novel by the author of "Where Bonds Are Loosed."

CONFESSIONS OF THE CZARINA by Count Paul Vassili. New York: Harper & Bros., \$2.00.

An intimate history of the czarina's life written by the author of "Behind the Veil at the Russian Court." Illustrated.

SOCIAL DEMOCRACY EXPLAINED by John Spargo. New York: Harper & Bros., \$1.50.

The essentials of socialism stated in untechnical language for patriotic Americans who wish to know the truth, by one who has separated himself from the anti-national socialist party but remains a socialist.

THE FIRST STEP TO WORLD DEMOCRACY by Emil O. Jorgensen. Published by the author at Indianapolis, Ind., 25c.

One hundred reasons why America should immediately adopt the single tax.



# REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## Red Cross

By William Marion Reedy

NEXT week the Red Cross will call us to a service none may refuse. For the service is one of simple human love. It is a service of restoration of the ravage wrought by war. It is in aid of reparation for the injuriousness of strife. By the sign of the Red Cross we shall conquer the spirit of hate.

We fight to clear the way for a better world. The Red Cross way is the way to assure that better world. It is the affirmation that even in the midst of suffering and destruction and death, love is the unrelenting builder, the carrier of life indestructible.

It is well and it is noble to fight for right. It is better and it is nobler to work for love which is the perfection of righteousness. The Red Cross shows, as antithesis of war, what man can make of man.

Foster pity, the flower that springs from millions of graves. Pray of the slayers, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;" of the slain, "May they have peace!" Bind up the wounds of the maimed and shattered and broken; comfort the widowed and orphaned. That is the summons of the Red Cross. Make you ready to respond with hands as full of money as every human heart must be of sympathy for the incalculable distress to be relieved.

## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Brakes Off

PRESIDENT WILSON has got his Overman bill, just as he wanted it. The law enables him to exercise supreme authority down to details in all departments of war work. He can go through old statutes and not lose time going around, or under or over them. Now! Off with the brakes and get things done the quickest way. Bestow authority unhampered by routine or tradition, and call for nothing but results, with moral as distinct from merely technical responsibility. No "fishing" congressional investigations; no congressional committee on conduct of the war. This is the President's idea. He assumes all risk of failure. This is courage.

Help the U. R. but Take it Over

MISSOURI'S Public Utilities Commission has authorized a six-cent fare on the United Railways. The city of St. Louis says that the state board has not authority to do this. The city will contest the order. But the railway company cannot pay to its workers the increase of wages it agreed to pay after the strike in February, without this increase in revenue—not even after the city has by compromise ordinance made remitted a large amount of annual taxes. Moreover, the heads of the company have gone to Washington to get help from the national government to meet obligations in the millions maturing in June. The people may not like the increase in fare, but the workers must get a living wage. St. Louis does not want another strike, nor does it want the railway bankrupted and the service incalculably worsened. There is no other way out of the difficulty, at least while war conditions prevail. The company cannot pull through with the cost of all supplies steadily mounting. The increase of the fare is therefore justified as a matter of public welfare in an emergency, and the public utilities com-

mission expressly says that the increase is not to be permanent, but only for the period of the war. It is clear that the company's financial troubles will recur. It is clear that there will be more conflict with the city. The conclusion of any careful observer of conditions with regard to the street railways is that the best thing for the city to do is to prepare for municipal ownership of the system. It should be taken over at a fair valuation and paid for in bonds issued against the railway properties, since it cannot be paid for by city bonds owing to constitutional limitations upon the city's indebtedness. The owners of the company will probably be not unwilling to sell on a fair valuation, confronted with the certainty of diminishing returns in the future. The city would not be concerned with profit so much as with adequate service. Meanwhile it is only just that the company be enabled to live and operate the lines in a way to give us the service we cannot do without.

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Save the Park

THE city of St. Louis should not permit the undermining of Forest Park for fire-clay, for any money or other consideration. The park is worth more than any possible revenue such a permit might yield, and the mining would ruin the park. The surface above the mines to the south of the park shows the devastation wrought by such operations.

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A Good Republican

If it's in the cards that Missouri is to have a Republican United States senator to succeed William Joel Stone, there's some mitigation and amelioration of the prospect in the mere possibility that Mr. John S. Leahy may be nominated for that place by that party. Mr. Leahy is a patriot, a gentleman and a scholar, and an orator as well. And his Republicanism is not of the pleistocene period. I might not, as a Democrat, vote for him, but if he should be elected I would not be moved to exclaim, "Hung be the heavens in black!"

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Bad News if True

THERE are said to be certain indications that there is a drive on against Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, to get him out of the cabinet. If such a thing could occur it would weaken that body beyond easy reckoning. As his coal price agreement with the operators of mines was set aside, there is a fight now against the increased wage award for unorganized railroad workers in the formulation of which Mr. Lane was a factor of much importance. There are other cabinet members than Mr. Lane whose disappearance from the scene would be much better calculated to strengthen confidence in the President's official family.

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The Rack Renters

CONGRESS passed a bill under which it is hoped to put an end to rent-profiteering in the overcrowded capital city. Landlord rapacity there is unprecedented. Apartments renting before the war for \$50 per month, are now renting at as high as \$300 a month, slimly furnished. Realtors are evicting tenants on the flimsiest excuses to make room for those who will pay the exorbitant sums demanded. The War Department has appointed Capt. Julius I. Peyser, Q. M. R. C., under Mayor Z. L. Potter, chief of the housing and health division, to investigate conditions that bear distressingly upon the greatly increased number of government employees gathered there to do war work. A way of remedying conditions is to be found under the act passed two months ago, known as the Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act.

The statute provides that "any person who shall knowingly resume possession of property for which the agreed rent does not exceed \$50 per month, occupied chiefly for dwelling purposes by the wife, children, or other dependents of a person in military service, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be punished by imprisonment not to exceed one year or by fine not to exceed \$1,000, or both." The law will be made to apply to the cases of rack-renting against employes other than soldiers and sailors. Some good will be accomplished, but what is most needed in the capital is home rule in taxation for the District of Columbia. Then rent-profiteering could be stopped by taxation that would force more building. There is no city in the country where the landlord pockets more by the public activities than in Washington, and no place where he gives less.

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#### A Rare Writer

A MOST interesting writer in *The Public*, New York, Mr. Mariano Joaquin Lorente, reviewing "Brought Forward," a collection of short sketches by R. B. Cunningham-Graham (Stokes), deals with this author as "a master unknown in America." Not quite unknown, Mr. Lorente! Some thirty of the powerful and vivid and passionate and pathetic and characterful sketches by Mr. Cunningham-Graham have been published in the columns of the MIRROR, and to be published in the MIRROR is not to be unknown to literary America. "The last of the dandies" has his cult here among the discriminating. They know him as a traveler in all the sunny lands of earth, as an intransigent in British radical politics, an agitator in Trafalgar square, a writer for the great London reviews, briefly a member of parliament, once at least an occupant of a British jail, the friend of most of the literary lions of Lutetia, a mourner for Parnell and William Morris and Kier Hardie, a Scots laird and an anarchist believer in Francesco Ferrer. There is no one in the world can write about a horse with the same appeal as Cunningham-Graham—the horse, unshod on the pampas, or dying under ill usage in a London street. No Englishman has ever written so understandingly of the Spaniard at home or in Latin America. Equally well he deals with the Irishman and the Scotchman. His scorn of commercialism and conventionalism is a splendiferously searing thing and yet he writes most appreciatively of the "Vanished Arcadia" of the Jesuits in Paraguay and of some of the better men among the earliest conquistadores. There is a quality of whimsicality in all his work. It is especially attractive in his insolent prefaces, wherein he tells the public how little he cares for it. He is now in Uruguay for the British government, inspecting and buying horses for the front, a task that must wring the heart of the man who wrote "Calvary," but a task the acceptance of which shows how this aristocrat-rebel has responded to the assault upon what he considers at best a poor civilization by German Autocracy. "Brought Forward" is far from containing the best of Cunningham-Graham's work. It is only a tantalizing taste of the style and the philosophy of him. We have had no one like him in this country unless it was the late Ambrose Bierce, and Bierce was a satirist of men rather than of institutions. When the cream of Cunningham-Graham shall have been given the people they will find him a writer with something in him of such diverse spirits as Shaw, Kipling, Stevenson and Barrie. I hope that the Stokes' "Brought Forward" will create a demand for more of this Scotsman who writes with a curious, dour and yet underlyingly sympathetic anarchism never known of the school of the kailyard.

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#### The Air-craft Scandal

I AM loath to believe that Mr. Gutzon Borglum has done what certain senators and others say he has done, namely, that on the strength of President Wilson's letter authorizing him to make certain investigations of the air-craft situation, he endeavored to promote the organization of an airplane enterprise on his own account, meanwhile reporting an alleged condition of affairs in that department of war work

that carried with it implications of deceit, incompetency and corruption against officers in charge and even against the Secretary of War himself. It must be admitted however that the documents read in the senate and printed in the papers make out something like a *prima facie* case against him. Mr. Borglum is a famous sculptor, who wants to carve a southern mountain into a vast monument of the civil war. He is an impetuous, imperious, irascible, intolerant person, with a touch of grandiosity about him. He has an impression that he is a man of affairs and no one can argue with him on anything because he can tell anybody all about everything—even, as in the case of the carvings on the cathedral of St. John the Divine, about the sex of angels; he said they were feminine while the theologians and iconographers decided they were male. Certain men in the business of airplane manufacture say Borglum tried to capitalize his relations with the President. Certain other men, including himself, say he did not, but the yes-sayers have the best of the argument in their exhibits and in the detailed nature of their accusations. The result is a doubt as to Borglum's disinterestedness in his exposure of the delinquencies of the aircraft organization of the government. Maybe he can vindicate himself. I hope so, for he is a man of parts and power. But even if Borglum succumbed to temptation to do something in the promotorial line, it seems to be clear that aircraft production has been horribly bungled during a whole year, and that the country was deceived by official reports of flocks of planes in France when not one plane had been actually completed and shipped. Mr. Frederick Upham Adams showed in the New York *World* how the Signal Corps had delayed production of aircraft by numerous rejections of wrought parts and changes of specifications without apparent improvement in design or manufacture. There is evidence of incompetency, if not corruption, in the airplane production, whether Gutzon Borglum is or is not guilty of trying to make an opening for the manufacture of planes in which he had a special interest. The blasting of Borglum's reputation should not be accepted as vindication of the men who have achieved nothing but a fall-down in this important branch of war work. No airplanes in one whole year, makes this country the laughing stock of the world. Why this is thus the country should be told in short order. But the most important thing is that the work itself be forwarded. Assessment of blame and infliction of punishment can wait. Airplane production cannot. Speed it up. I think it will be speeded up with business men at the head of the department. It seems to me that the administration has erred on the side of caution in its dread of business men, but is now forced by experience to take them in and give them power to act. The play of departmental politics and jealousy of prerogative and the net-work of red tape have delayed shipping, airplane making, liberty motor production and other things. Men like Schwab and Stettinius and Hurley and Ryan are getting results and getting us into the war with more and more power. Let us have more of them on the job. Because they are big business men they are not guiltless of patriotism. It profits little to waste much time over the blunders that have been made, or on the integrity of Borglum or Squires or anyone else. Leave the scandal to the searching of Charles Evans Hughes who has a gift for searching and is no Democratic partisan. For the rest, the war is the work and the word is, "Go to it."

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#### The Economics of Peace

GREAT BRITAIN, France and Italy are going to denounce all existing commercial treaties. This means that there are to be new treaties and that those treaties will be so framed that the allies will favor themselves and their dependencies against the world. It is ominous of high protection. It doesn't accord at all with President Wilson's proposals that in the world after the war there shall be a removal of all obstructions and barriers to freedom of economic intercourse. There is no promise of permanent peace in such a programme. It means that Germany

is to be hermetically sealed off from the rest of the world. That's well enough as a war measure now, but it is sure to be provocative of more war if pursued as a policy after peace has come. In this country the protectionists are getting busy too. They want protection after the war against Germany's steel, when the productive capacity of the United States Steel Company is greater than that of all Germany, including the mines of northern France now in her possession. Protection means that the American consumer will have to pay an indemnity for winning the war. Protection will penalize the masses of people in all countries and build up anew ruling classes. This great war is all in vain if it fails to show the world that the first and surest step to peace international and domestic is absolute free trade.

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#### Mr. Veblen's Idea

MR. THORSTEIN VEBLEN has a great scheme to force the greater production of necessities during the war. He would make employers of menial labor pay a heavy tax for such labor—100 per cent of the wage of one servant, 200 per cent on the wage of a second and 300 per cent on the wage of a third, and so on. Nobody would pay it for the servants and they couldn't pay it themselves, for they would be working for nothing, so they would have to go to work producing useful things for the government and for the public. The policy is interesting as showing beautifully how to discourage a thing by taxing it. It shows the exquisite mathematicalness of socialism too. It is deliciously roundabout and of a laborious profundity. It would throw a lot of people out of jobs, of course, and make rich people do their own work. Very well. But would it surely throw people out of their present jobs into new ones? The programme wouldn't necessarily make new jobs. It would put new people into competition for other jobs and that would bring down wages. The jobless would be thrown out upon a closed earth. They would be up against the controllers of opportunity. They would have to pay tribute to someone for the right to work. Now if Mr. Thorstein Veblen would begin by making the earth an open shop, he might do something. He wouldn't have to tax menials out of their positions. He would tax the land out of the possession of those who hold it out of use. He would take economic rent for the state. That would open up the earth to labor, would promote useful production as nothing else could. There would be more jobs than men and menial service would have no attraction for anyone. It would largely and soon put the kibosh on the leisure class. Mr. Thorstein Veblen should look into the single tax before proceeding to multiplication of taxation, of which there's more than a sufficiency at present. Mr. Thorstein Veblen is an economist *hysteron proteron*—the cart before the horse.

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#### How About Portugal?

ISN'T it about time some of our able journalists should tell us something about what little old Portugal is doing in the war on our side? She's been in it from the very beginning and holding her end up, apparently, in good form. She has suffered the loss of not a few gallant sons. She hasn't had any delegations over here that anyone has heard of, and no one recalls that she has borrowed any millions from us. The presumption is that Great Britain is taking care of her financially, but one sees very little about her participation in the war in either the English or the French papers. Won't someone tell us about Portugal—how she is living up to her once glorious prime, how her spirit shines in action as it shines in that famous poem Camoens his "Lusiad"? Portugal is due for a place on the front page.

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#### Newspaper Ethics

IN Chicago the other day a Judge Cooper of the Cook county circuit court was awarded by a jury a verdict of \$75,000 damages for libel against the Chicago *Examiner* because of stories printed in 1913 concerning his alleged leniency in dealing with the



cases of men accused of offenses against young girls. The stories were printed, according to the judge's attorneys, because he refused to rule in a way to stop the prosecution of certain election frauds. Now if the judge had lost his libel suit every paper in the country would have printed the fact more or less elaborated, as a vindication of the press. But no papers, or at least a very few, printed anything about the vindication of the judge. That would be bad policy. It would encourage other people to bring libel suits. Libel suits are to be discouraged. The good and reputable newspapers agree upon this with the bad and disreputable newspapers. The judge may get his money damages, but he doesn't get any public vindication to speak of. I learned of the verdict through the organ of Chicago's weird and wild and wonderful Mayor Thompson, the *Republican*—not a journalistic pattern by any means. One is justified in suspecting the existence in Chicago of a conspiracy of newspapers to conceal, so far as possible, the evidence that newspapers are vulnerable to the attacks through the courts of people they have wronged. The conspiracy defeats the vindication of the victims of reckless journalism. All parties join in an act to perpetuate the libel by suppressing its condemnation. When a man loses a libel suit against a paper the whole press pack proclaims it. Hence it has come to pass that most people think there's no chance to win a case against a paper. This saves the papers a great deal of money and some reputation. Surely there should be some way of making a paper that is convicted of libel make at least the reparation of printing, in some conspicuous fashion, the fact of the verdict against it. Doubtless there could not be sustained a law to make all newspapers print all libel verdicts, but a law making the convicted paper do so would undoubtedly stand. Here in St. Louis our papers don't follow the Chicago method, though they used to do so. They were cured by a series of heavy verdicts against them for libelling politicians—verdicts palpably unjust, as it happened, all things considered. They published those verdicts to show how cruelly the newspapers were wronged by bucolic, bourbon and political prejudice. But even after all that, they give very little prominence to any verdict obtained against any of their number. Newspapers may appear to fight one another bitterly, but they are a unit against the man who sues for libel and they are always together also against the newspaper labor unions. They have their own association, as advertisers and newsdealers can tell. Newspapers are out to regulate everybody. They don't want but they very much need some regulation themselves, for in some respects they come very near to being above any law that the individual can invoke against them. The silence of the Chicago papers about the verdict for Judge Cooper against the *Examiner* is a case in point.



#### Germany's Forlorn Hope

PRUSSIAN electoral reform is held up in the Reichstag. The representatives are powerless. Military considerations are supreme. A few radicals may tell the truth about German losses of 3,000,000 men, about the failure of the big drive, about the defeat of the u-boat campaign, about discontent that may overturn the victories in Russia and Rumania, about the food shortage and other things, but all that counts for nothing. The crown prince, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, Mackensen and the militarists generally are in absolute control. They want no possibility of popular interference with the war. They have brought Emperor Carl of Austria-Hungary to his knees and forced the prorogation of the parliament to prevent any legislative obstruction there. Recent tentative peace offensives have failed. There is nothing for Germany but battle and more battle, with little prospect of victory before the United States can get its forces into the field in full strength, with those forces getting there in an increasing stream and the submarines unable to check them. That the big western drive was stopped by the tremendous slaughter is now apparent, but it will be renewed after a pause, simply because there is no hope of

any negotiation with the enemy who grows stronger all the time. The drive may succeed, let us say, but there's still the British mastery of the sea to overcome, with the German fleet practically interned and the submarine bases practically corked up. Germany's hope of success grows more and more forlorn—so much so that it can hardly be said to be a hope at all.



#### A Boost for Suffrage

"PRESIDENT WILL DEMAND SENATE ENACT SUFFRAGE" is a headline in Wednesday morning's papers. Splendid news. It is in line with the programme of making the world safe for democracy. The country cannot exist half bond and half free. Women have won by service and sacrifice the privilege of the ballot, if indeed the ballot be not a right. It's good to know that the measure will be called up for passage when the absentees are all in their places. It is good to know that Missouri's junior senator is for it. And it's time for Missouri's senior senator, Mr. Reed, to come back and down from the dark ages and respond with an affirmative vote to the demand of the world spirit. There's but one argument left against woman suffrage; that the women will vote for prohibition, and that's no reason at all. How the women will vote cannot affect the fact that they should vote. That sort of argument would destroy male suffrage. I am opposed to prohibition as a manifestation of puritanic Prussianism, but I don't want to take the vote away from every man who intends to vote for the dry proposal.



#### James Gordon Bennett

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, dead at 77, was a journalistic Till Eulenspiegel on a colossal scale. He lived a life of whim and eccentricity. He ran the New York *Herald* as if it were a tremendous toy. So far as anyone could judge he never had a general idea in his life, but existed and acted on pure sensation. His paper had no editorial policy. It rarely had any editorials. Bennett cared little for the United States or its news. He specialized in foreign news, and did some big things in that specialty, between times when he was yachting or automobiling or coaching or poloing. He sent Stanley to find Dr. Livingstone who wasn't particularly anxious to be found. The De Long polar expedition was financed by Bennett and culminated in a tragedy. Bennett joined John W. Mackay in establishing the Commercial Cable which helped bind this country closer to Europe. All the while he lived a Latin Quarter life, the more serious moments of which were those in which he cabled the *Herald* office, "Discharge everybody." He ran his paper in New York for himself and the few; he didn't care for everybody at all. The paper had to carry every day a cablegram showing how the wind was blowing in Paris. The Paris edition was deliciously unreadable at all times. And his New York *Evening Telegram* was worse because it was just as bad and, in addition, pink. What his politics was no one could guess. He was fitful and flitful on that score, but he did prepare forecasts of presidential election results that were remarkably close to the facts. For years the *Herald's* "personal columns" were a concupiscential-chamber of commerce, until the courts stopped the assignation exchange by a fine of \$25,000. But Bennett didn't worry much about anything. His paper made money enough to keep him going, and he was a spender from the old house. He could be as splendidly generous as picayunishly mean and he was altogether incalculable but highly successful. He had gifts that were thwarted by his peculiarities and he was always more interesting than his papers. But he did little for the world in any abiding sense.



#### A Shortage of Power

HERE is another war problem for the government. Greatly increased demand for electric energy for war industries—still increasing—has absorbed the output of the larger central electric stations. They can't get any additional generating equipment for

love or money; that which they had ordered and ready for installation a year ago was commandeered by the government. Result: the country is rushing into a power shortage that bids fair to be more disastrous than the steam railroad breakdown with the coal shortage and ship blockade earlier in the war. Remedy: prompt appointment of a federal director-general of public utilities, with instructions to commandeer enough of the facilities of the Westinghouse, General Electric, Allis-Chalmers, *et al.*, to rush out power-generating machinery for the central stations in the war factory centers. The government must act, because the state commissions lack courage to do the one thing needful to help—that is grant rate raises to compare with the general cost increase. The utilities find their credit gone or going and their service deteriorating. The government needs the service desperately and it cannot well avoid lending the companies some of its credit in order to make sure of sufficient power production. Here's another case of a condition not a theory confronting the country. The machinery shortage is something little short of paralyzing and prices are more than that—they are deadly.



#### Reed on the Liberty Motor

SENATOR REED's story of the Liberty motor in Wednesday morning's *Republic* is ostensibly excusatory and exculpatory, but it is a hard side-swipe at the war department, none the less. The motor was too readily accepted on the representations made for it by those who designed it. It was not the miracle it was proclaimed. Moreover, the large scale manufacture of it was bungled. The motor wasn't good for fighting planes, but it was for bombing planes and time was lost in tinkering it for service it couldn't perform. The war department wasted energy in this direction while refusing to build planes on an English model that would do the fighting work. A clear, swift narrative Senator Reed has written, but one comes out of the reading of it with a renewed faith in the truth of an old French saying that who excuses, accuses. Some high authorities were fooled who shouldn't have been fooled by extravagant claims for an old and somewhat improved Packard motor. Senator Reed generally knows what he's talking about. I don't suppose for a moment that he thinks his article in the *Republic* is helping the administration the least little bit, but he's a greater friend to truth than to anybody.



#### A Steel Plant for St. Louis

ELBERT H. GARY of the steel trust suggests an inland ordnance plant to cost some \$40,000,000. Of course St. Louis would like to have it, but Pittsburg will probably get it. St. Louis hasn't got much out of the war in this line—and there are St. Louisans in high position at Washington, too. But our Chamber of Commerce, a real dynamic institution since Jackson Johnson became its head, is going after that proposed ordnance plant. The chamber doesn't expect that an ordnance plant will run full time forever, but after the war an ordnance plant can be changed to a steel plant, and St. Louis badly needs a steel plant. There is a good case for a steel plant here. The ore should and could be brought to the coal. There is abundant railway trackage. There is the river, too. This means that there is cheap coal and the cheapest transportation. There is no long haul. The haul on ore and coal from the fields of each is shorter to St. Louis than to Pittsburg. The railroads between St. Louis and Pittsburg are badly congested. If the steel tonnage were eliminated the facilities could be used for other necessary transportation. St. Louis should supply itself with steel and because of its central location the city could easily and cheaply supply the middle west and west. All this has been felicitously exploited in this paper before by that valued contributor, Ernest Vulcanson. The argument seems unanswerable, especially as the Director of Railroads has advocated and pleaded for a more general use of water transportation—lakes,

rivers and canals. The Mississippi and its navigable tributaries are unused. Those waters reach from the Great Lakes to the Gulf and even into the Pittsburg district. Those waters should be put to use. Barge lines should be built with government aid. They would almost miraculously facilitate the getting of supplies to the sea and over to the fighting ground. A steel plant for St. Louis fits in excellently well with the movement for waterway improvement for the benefit of the country as a whole. This city should have a steel plant if it has to build and operate it municipally. It is the one enterprise that would do most for the manufacturing and commercial advancement of the town. The beautiful thing about it is that it would do this without hurting any other city or section of the country. It would help every community that would or could be helped by the use of the middle west waterways. Nothing would build up that country like steel cheap and plentiful. Nothing would better help win the war, and continue as a blessing after the war. Every bit of force this city can command should be concentrated on this steel plant proposition at Washington in connection with the movement of the whole Mississippi valley for the improvement and use of the waterways—no need to wait for the improvement; begin with the use right away.

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#### *Ought to be Shot*

SOMEbody ought to be punished for circulating those nasty and untrue stories about the immorality of American nurses and American soldiers overseas. All the credible testimony extant is that the American forces are conspicuously wholesome-minded and clean-lived. Never in the history of the world has there been taken such inclusive measures for the moral safeguarding of an army or its attached organizations at home or abroad. And generally speaking, I believe that there never was such an organization that actually needed such regulation less. The character quality of our forces is of the very highest. Our boys and girls, here and abroad, are what they look—firm, self-contained, self-respecting. And I doubt if the people of any such force keep in closer or more constant touch with home influences that make for the ever-living presence of the ideal of decency, not to say morality.

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#### *The Return of the Soldier*

THERE has been a world of war books and there will be more. But let me tell you of the best war book yet—better even than St. John Ervine's "Changing Winds," and that is a mighty good one. I mean "The Return of the Soldier" by Rebecca West (the Century Co., New York). It is a little book in size but large in beauty. It is a novelette. It deals with a psychological situation growing out of shell-shock to a soldier. It is a novel, as clean as it is clever, about a suppressed wish. The writing is in a style that is Henry Jamesian plus clarity. It is flexible and direct, forceful and subtle, lucid and warm. The few characters in the book are depicted with a power of portraiture worthy of Sargent. There are three women in it—all women but most finely differentiated—one of them is a most silken "cat." The soldier is married but when he regains consciousness after an injury he doesn't remember his wife, but a girl from whom he was separated fifteen years before. To her he is brought. She has been married and is now faded, but he sees her as she lived submerged in his—no, not mind, but soul. She is totally different from his elegant wife and his feline cousin, who also furtively loves him, as I take it. And here's the setting of the story. The end—well, the soldier's soul was right about the forsaken woman. She is the beautiful one his soul remembers, but she gives him back to the woman who doesn't deserve him though the conventions establish her ownership. The telling of the story is like music, it is subtler than the Paterian goldsmithery that enriches a work by what it carves away. There is no lovelier landscapery in English letters and no more gently-masterful handling of the nuances of thought and emotion in James himself. As a love story modern it

surpasses even that memorable book by Morley Roberts, "Time and Thomas Waring," in that it is more color-suffused, more gold shot with the spirit-tones of the finest feminism. The supreme charm of the book is an ache in it—like sorrow in a beautiful face. There's pity underneath its science. Rebecca West is a magnificent artist as well as scientist and critic and radical. The proof of it is here: that though the soldier is "cured" of his suppressed desire, that desire, that love is, though lost, the one thing that endures in truth and beauty. Here, let me say again, is the finest English work of art that has been evoked by the war.

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## What is Democracy?

By Alexander Mackendrick

A RECENT writer has spoken of this age as one of transition. It is as profoundly true to say that every age is an age of transition. In the words of Carlyle, "The meanest day that passes over us is the conflux of two eternities, where streams that issue from the remotest past converge, meet, and flow on to the remotest future." It is obvious however, that the stream of human history does at times flow over flat surfaces, becoming broad and shallow, and moving sleepily towards its goal; while at other times it concentrates its force for rushing through narrow channels, leaping over precipices and otherwise working off the latent energy it has accumulated during its slower movement. It is in this latter sense that the present age, apart from any thought of the colossal struggle that is taking place between the powers of brute force and spiritual freedom, may with some accuracy be described as an age of transition. The stream is certainly moving with greater momentum than ever before. The human spirit is becoming conscious of itself. We are realizing that a call has reached us to enter upon what may be called a junior partnership with the Creative Intelligence and to add our contribution to the sum of evolutionary forces by which the world is working out its destiny. This consciousness of a deeper hold upon life and a more intimate share and interest in its ultimate outcome, is showing itself in various ways, a few of which we may examine.

Alike in philosophy, science, religion, and politics, there has been discernible during recent years a strong tendency to break away from tradition and to examine the foundations of belief for ourselves. We now appeal from authority to principles; from the letter to the spirit; from the things we have heard with our ears and been told by our fathers to the experiences we have lived through in our daily lives. The age may indeed be described as one of those constantly recurring periods when a recasting of formulas becomes imperative,—a taking of new bearings and soundings,—a re-valuation of the data upon which our life-theories are founded,—in short, it is an age of re-statement and re-interpretation.

The progress of thought, like all else in the universe, seems to be subject to a law of rhythm, pulses, or wave-beats, differing in length and amplitude according to the character of the thought-movement. In philosophy, for example, which means the search through experience for truth and reality, the movement has been freer than in other directions and the need for re-interpretation has come seldomer and with less force, the wave-beats having greater length. But even here the need for the recasting of thought-forms comes periodically and it appears as though we are passing through one of these periods now. For even he who must read as he runs may notice a tendency in philosophy to repudiate useless metaphysical abstractions, to thrust aside theories of the absolute and eternal, and to find the ultimate sanction for truth in utility,—in serviceableness for the highest ends of life. The values of philosophic truths are being re-assessed in terms of human happiness and well-being; a process of re-statement and re-interpretation is working itself out.

In science again, the waves of speculative thought are shorter and deeper, and the need for re-

interpretation recurs more frequently. The last great wave-crest appeared in the middle of last century with the publication of "The Origin of Species," and the consequent turning over and re-shaping of opinion and theory upon the cosmic history of the world. The new conception of a slowly evolving universe,—evolving by a simple process of struggle and survival, with a ruthless elimination of the unfit—took violent hold of the minds of men. It threw out, neck and crop, the traditional notions as to how things had come to be as they are, and while on the one hand it developed among average people a scientific habit of mind that was much to be desired, it generated on the other hand a pessimism and fatalism that were quite unknown under the crude science and still cruder theology of pre-Darwinian days.

For one of the worst kinds of tyranny under which the human mind can suffer is the tyranny of a phrase, and the words "survival of the fittest" during the years that followed, exercised a disastrously demoralizing influence on the understandings and imaginations of men. The phrase has risen like a mocking spectre before all our efforts to preserve the unfit in charitable institutions. It seemed to form a standing justification for war and aggression, even for industrial war with all its concomitant evils. It bred so strong a faith in "Evolution" as an irresistible force, that if men were guided in their actions by logic and not by feeling, all effort at social reform would have been stifled. This tyranny of the phrase reached its acutest point just at the hollow of the wave and before the need for re-interpretation was felt. We are now on the upward rise toward the next crest. We begin to "sense" the truth that the law by which things evolve connotes much more than a struggle of each against each; that it may ultimately favor the survival of just those societies in which the friendly instincts are most highly developed, where the power of the strong to enslave the weak is most effectively curbed, where equality of opportunity most prevails, and where consequently the greatest amount of wealth-production takes place and average intelligence is at its maximum. Evolution, we now realize, is not merely a blind force acting from outside of ourselves, but *we are it*. In short, we are re-interpreting the whole development theory in the light of our volitions and creative faculties.

As regards religion, it is hardly necessary to say that a rapid process of re-interpretation has been taking place, for every reader must in some way have come under its influence. Thirty years ago it seemed as though the knell of dogmatic Christianity had been sounded. The masters of the telescope, the spectroscope, and the microscope had searched every corner of the visible universe and had reported that not a vestige of a personal God was to be discovered—only a blind impersonal force grinding along according to mechanical laws, and exhibiting neither intelligence nor morality in any sense in which mortals can understand the words. We had again reached the trough or lowest point in one of those rhythmic waves in which our commerce with the Infinite goes on—we were, for the time, under the domination of a dogmatic materialism as tyrannous and soul-destroying as the dogmatic theology from which we had broken loose. In our eagerness to be quit of doctrinal rubbish we had thrown out the essential and hard-earned truths of our forefathers' experiences—truths to which this rubbish had merely served as wrappage and protection. But to adopt the language of faith, God does not leave Himself for long without an interpreter, and the age of re-interpretation was approaching. The God whom the scientists had not by any manner of searching been able to find out, we are discovering in the depths of the human soul—in the recesses of the sub-conscious mind. We are recalling the partly-forgotten maxim that things hidden from the wise and prudent are revealed to babes and sucklings; and amidst the crash of falling creeds and the clamor of angry disputants we are re-interpreting for ourselves, by the aid of our own experiences, the fable of the storm, the whirlwind, the earthquake, and the



still small voice. And, as happens in all such re-interpretations of experience, we discover to our surprise that many things we had thought we fully understood are yielding up new and unsuspected meanings. Our mental processes seem to be governed by a law of exfoliation or unfolding. We assimilate just so much of the content of an idea as our mental development makes us capable of holding, unconscious, it may be, that there yet remains in it much undiscovered significance. And it is just at those rhythmically recurring periods of re-statement and re-interpretation that the hidden and unsuspected meanings are unfolded—"first the bud, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

During the last few decades the sentiment that lies at the back of the word democracy has, by the rhythmic movement suggested, been gradually unfolding its more recondite significance. A feeling now prevails that the principle of democracy, as we have hitherto understood it, is a spent force, and that if it is to endure as a saving principle of progress we must discover the element in it that we seem to have missed—the something that our intuitions tell us of, but which we have failed to grasp intellectually, or to express visibly in our institutions. The time has evidently come for re-stating and re-interpreting the idea of democracy. What, let us ask ourselves, is the essential and abiding difference between the principles of democracy and those reactionary attitudes to which they are opposed? No conservative we have ever known is wholly opposed to progress or indifferent to social reform; and no upholder of democracy is entirely without a dash of that prejudice in favor of the established fact which we associate with the crusty Tory. At best, the difference between political parties seems to be chiefly as to the rate of advance aimed at. This, however, is not a sufficiently well-defined distinction, and those who trust democracy as the liberating principle that is to save society, must set themselves to discover its final meaning. For it is evident that it does not mean government by one class rather than by another. It does not imply either a restriction or an extension of the area of governmental management or interference with industry. Its hidden meaning is not even to be found wrapped up in Bentham's famous phrase, "the greatest good of the greatest number." It does not mean old age pensions, nor free schools, nor municipal ownership of public utilities, nor any of the things we have been accustomed to associate with progressive politics; for all of these benefits may and frequently do, proceed from benevolent reactionary governments as readily as from progressive ones.

What, then, in its last analysis, does the democratic principle mean? An illuminative suggestion is to be found in Mr. Louis F. Post's book "The Ethics of Democracy." It is there recalled that Cain is reported in the book of Genesis to have asked of the Almighty a question to which he got no answer—"Am I my brother's keeper?" This question and the reply that may be given to it by a student of political relations, may afford a clue to the problem of what is missing in our conception of a democracy. The benevolent conservative and the socialist alike answer unhesitatingly in the affirmative, and both devise elaborate plans, though starting from opposite ends of the problem, for "keeping" their brethren effectively and saving them from themselves. Indeed, even men wearing the label of democracy have assumed that the right answer to the question should be an affirmative one. If, however, the principles of conduct we embrace are the highest we have been able to reach, we must assume these to be the principles upon which a just God would base his judgments. What then would have been the answer of a God of justice and equity—a truly democratic God—to this question of Cain's? Surely it would have been, as Mr. Post indicates; "No. You are not your brother's keeper. To be his keeper would mean that you are his master and he your slave. Your only obligation to your brother is to respect his life and liberty, to offer no interference with his freedom

of action, to place no obstacle in the way of his living his own life and earning his own bread. Your duty to your brother is to leave him unmolested."

Is this, then, not the new meaning that our re-interpretation of the democratic principle is yielding us? Ought we not to re-state to ourselves this, the only rational conception we can entertain of the basic democratic relation between men, the relation of non-interference, the relation which must underlie all higher relations, the relation which must come first in order of sequence, if that of brotherly love is to follow? If this reading of the fundamental law of democracy is correct, then the problem for the future will be to translate this principle into the popular conception of society, and to deduce from it some theory as to the true function of government. Democracy must face the test of whether it can produce such an equilibrium of economic forces as will give to each man unrestricted opportunity to live his life and enjoy the full fruit of his labor, provided he does not infringe the similar liberty of others. Liberty of opportunity to earn livings will be the ultimate test of a true democracy. And now the question arises,—what is it that opposes this particular kind of liberty on which democracy is conditioned, what is it that is the antithesis of this liberty, as night is the opposite of day? The reply is, of course, Monopoly. Monopoly is the deadly enemy of economic liberty. Wherever one man enjoys a monopoly, however slight, then, to that extent, the rest of mankind collectively or in the persons of some individuals, suffer an infringement of liberty. The achievement of economic freedom, means scientifically and accurately, the abolition of monopoly in the bounty of nature. It means the removal of any legal privilege that gives some men power to do things, and to prevent other men from doing the same things. Note carefully the wording of the last sentence. Monopoly means the power to do things and to prevent others from doing the same things if they can. This, we submit, is the only logical and fundamental definition of that kind of monopoly which is the denial and negation of liberty or democracy. Moreover, we maintain that it is a kind of monopoly of which not a trace is to be found in nature. In the whole universe, indeed, we discover no monopoly in this sense, until we come to man in society; until we reach the stage at which there was added to the greed and aggressiveness of the savage, the cunning and intelligence of the partially-developed man; when nature's storehouses and workshops were taken possession of by some to the exclusion of others, and written laws were enacted establishing the appropriators in perpetual possession. It has been said that the lion possesses a monopoly in his strength, and the operatic singer in his voice; but this is to confuse ideas that fall under different categories. The strength of the lion does not prevent the monkey from using his power of nimbleness or the eagle his power of flight. Such monopoly as the singer has in his voice does not in the slightest degree prevent another vocalist using his more modest powers as he pleases. The possessor of exceptional powers is not a monopolist in the sense in which the science of political economy can use the word, as he does not by the use of his powers interfere with the similar use of inferior powers by those who possess them.

If we seem to have unduly labored this point, it is in view of the fact that one hears the natural inequalities of human ability put forward as an excuse and justification for those law-made inequalities referred to. If a recruiting sergeant wanted rightly to estimate the relative heights of a hundred candidates for enlistment, he would make them stand together on a level floor. If he permitted one to perch himself on a mound while another was compelled to sink waist-deep in a bog, all chance of accurately measuring their natural differences would be gone. To give respect to natural inequalities it is necessary to abolish monopolistic ones. As things stand at present, monopoly (*i. e.*, the law-made power of locking others out of nature's workshop) is woven into the warp and woof of society. It

appears everywhere. Even people who are only moderately well-to-do, share in some way the benefit it confers at the expense of life and liberty to others. And if, out of the depths of our sub-consciousness we hear the voice of God asking "Where is thy brother Abel?" we have not the courage of Cain to assume an attitude of defiance, but hesitatingly confess our sin and assure the Almighty that in future our duties in "keeping" our brothers will be more faithfully attended to.

Now we venture to believe that the democracy of the future, the democracy to which our deepest instincts cling, will have none of this. It will repudiate the idea that any men or any class of men have ever been endowed with sufficient wisdom or goodness to be keepers of their fellow-men. It will recognize the truth which should be so obvious, that the first duty men owe to each other is that of non-interference. And to monopolize the natural resources is the most direct way to interfere with the lives and liberties of our fellow-creatures. It must seem like a self-evident proposition to say that if Cain could have acquired a title-deed, as eldest son of the race, to all the land within reach and a sufficient body of police to protect his legal rights, he might have killed Abel in a respectable and civilized manner by simply refusing him the use of a hill-side on which to feed his sheep. But can it be imagined for a moment that the wrath of a just God would have been any less severe because this more refined and bloodless method of slaughter had been adopted? Would his condemnation not still have found expression in the words, "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth to me from the ground?" It will be the work of a purified democracy when it has become fully conscious of itself, when it has reinterpreted its own creed and discovered its deeper meaning, to break up this root-monopoly which is the parent of so many others, and to bring men into that natural condition of economic freedom which must underlie all higher social relationships. Until we realize that this is what democracy means, we may shout it from platforms and barrel-heads, we may wave it on flags and banners, but we have failed to grasp its final significance. We are being tyrannized by a word. Democracy has not only to do with the land question; democracy in its last analysis is the land question. When this truth is realized in the hearts and imaginations of men, we may hope that Democracy will emerge once more as a purifying and energizing force, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.

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## Reactions of a Reader

By Alliterarius

VI. TO NIETZSCHE AND THE NIETZSCHEANS

"YOU have," writes a friend to me, a friend somewhat given to sporting phrases, "you have overlooked a bet in your reactions to the Parlor Philosophers. That is to say, you have reviewed 'Hamlet' without mentioning the Dane, I refer to Nietzsche."

I could have called the name before I reached it in my critic's letter and I own the justice of his observation. He has me there. And then again he hasn't!

For, as it happens, I cannot include Nietzsche among the parlor philosophers. True, the parlors reek with him. They are full of blonde beasts seeking whom they may devour—preferably personable *bas-bleus* yearning for affinities and rather willing that they (the blonde beasts) should, as Nietzsche enjoins, carry whips with them when they adventure among the ladies. You remember Louise Colet, perhaps? And what she wrote to Gustave Flaubert, after one of their passionate *rencontres*? She didn't call him a blonde beast—Nietzsche hadn't yet summoned his hero out of the void; but she did playfully describe him as her "wild buffalo of the prairies." Which amounted to the same thing. Our

feminine Nietzscheans, panting for blonde beasts and pursuing them hungrily through our philosophical parlors, even as the *b.-bs.* in turn pursue them, are just as discriminating, zoologically, as was Mme. Colet, and can be pleased in much the same fashion.

But to return. I cannot consider Nietzsche as a philosopher. Not at all. He is too zoological. Beside the blonde beast, there are the eagle and the serpent with which *Zarathustra* flocked. And, as it seems to me, there was a lion, somewhere in the menagerie that he carried with him. Also asses. And I am totally unable to conceive a philosopher in such company. It does, however, link Nietzsche up with Darwin, when one stops to think of it. Nietzsche despised Darwin, yet the Nietzscheans all inform us that the blonde beast is really the evolutionary climax of the Darwinian theories. And didn't Darwin write interminably about animals—notably of the "Expression of their Emotions," and their "Variations under Domestication?" But of course here he and Nietzsche must part—not necessarily with any kisses. For the blonde beast hasn't any emotions—he has nothing but instincts. And whatever else he is, domesticated he is never. For example, do you know of anything *less* domesticated than our own blonde beasts, who quest so insatiably through our philosophical parlors?

I do not ask you to take my word for it. By no means. I refer you, I triumphantly refer you, to our own super-Nietzscheans, Mr. Huntington Wright and Mr. Henry L. Mencken. Not even the most absolute "anti" would, I think, venture to avow either of them of being domesticated. If they should be so depraved, I shudder to think what Messrs. Wright and Mencken would do to them when good and ready!

Nietzsche, I repeat, was not a philosopher—despite the fact that he wrote modestly to one of his correspondents (I forget just which one, but that is no matter) that he was probably the greatest that ever lived. Not even linking him up, zoologically, with Darwin, can make him one, because Darwin never pretended to be one. He was a scientist and a biologist, and both these persuasions were anathema to Nietzsche, who was a philologue and a melomane—and, after a while, just a maniac, when "dope" and delirium had finished with him.

He was also a poet—which is why I have a shelfful of his books. There is nothing in him for me but his poetry, for the deep wild thoughts that he had in such abundance all proceed out of poetry, none of them out of philosophy. Which explains the awful trouble that he gives the Nietzscheans. None of them can orient him, you know—that is, so he will stay oriented. I read them all, as I come to them, and when they are done with him (those who ever get done!) he reminds me of Mr. Facing-Both-Ways—or, rather, Mr. Facing-All-Ways. How many books about Nietzsche I have read! It is one of my bad habits—one in respect of which I am incorrigible. My curiosity, like the *etwig weibliche*, perpetually leads me on, if not necessarily upward. I burn with it—with the consuming desire to know what the newest one will make out of him; always knowing in advance that it will, whatever else it may do, make him out something different from all the rest. There is only one thing upon which the expositors agree, which is that Nietzsche himself did not know what he meant. Hence the necessity of their labors—also the solemn fact that the writer of the particular book in hand is the Only One who *does* know. These writers I must pay the compliment of calling philosophers, if Nietzsche himself wasn't one, for is not philosophy the science of knowledge?

The surprising thing, however, is, to me, the reactions that I get from all these expositions. They affect me with such complete amnesia. I simply cannot remember anything about them. Of the whole mass of Nietzscheana that I have assimilated, I recall only one item which sticks by me. Among the strange things of the cult is that the Anti-Christ should have provoked a minister of the Gospel, authentically D. D., to an elucidation of his doctrine

and it was somewhere in his pages that I ran across the epigram that "If Nietzsche had not gone mad he might have become saner." Which, on the whole, is, I think, the best summing up of his "philosophy" that I have encountered. Yet I have a suspicion that it will never be illuminated, framed, and hung upon the walls of the *Nietzsche-Archiv*, whose treasures are so piously guarded by the sisterly care of Frau Förster-Nietzsche.

If you will allow me the *cliché*, in the last analysis it is not necessary to be a philosopher in order to pass for one—not only in the parlor but out of it. We are assured that it is true about Nietzsche and the German soldier—that the testimony is authentic now "*Zarathustra*" is carried in his (the soldier's) knapsack, cheek by jowl with Goethe and Heine, and that he is living what one might designate as a blonde beastliness with a genuinely Dionysiac abandon. In the evening by the campfire he reads the inspired pages and next morning he resumes his congenial task of bayoneting babes and chopping off the hands of children with a philosophic joy—pausing at intervals, as weariness overtakes him, to hum some delicious *lieder* (very likely the *Nussbaum*) while recuperating his powers to farther prosecute the war, bearing in mind the maxim that a good war justifies anything—and of all wars that have thus far visited the planet, isn't this the best?

And after the war—after the war—what a wealth of new material awaits the expositors! Our own until then are at a sad disadvantage, for they are debarred access to the sacred founts. But when peace is declared! Then in my mind's eye I behold them flocking in herds to the conquered soil which has been crimsoned by the blood, of the inferior races, gathering worshipfully about the victorious *b.-bs.* and taking it all down at first hand from their own testimony. Yet still my soul is troubled. For it prophetically tells me that when that happy time arrives I will never—never—be able to read fast enough to keep up with the output. I will have to, very likely, depend upon the *Literary Digest*. *Zarathustra*, what a fate!

♦♦♦♦

## Masters, American Master

By John L. Hervey

WRITING of "Spoon River Anthology" in the MIRROR at the height of the furor it created, I observed that among the many and varied criticisms upon that extraordinary book I had nowhere perceived, upon the part of any critic, a definite conception of what was to me the most significant thing about it—namely, that it *had to be written* in the form in which it was cast or not at all. For it was, most particularly, the form of "Spoon River" which so agitated the critics. First, its metrical form; second, its conceptual one. What I tried to make clear, to press home, was that these things, with the poet, with the poems, were inevitable. Not things of choice but of necessity if the book were ever to be written. So they had shaped themselves in the alembic of Edgar Lee Masters' imagination and so, not otherwise, was he obliged to give them being.

I did not say, but I implied, that Edgar Lee Masters, as poet, possessed what so many of our poets so evidently, so sadly, do not—to wit, a *daimon*. Nor was I mistaken, for I have continued to discover evidences thereof in each of his succeeding volumes and never so plainly as in his new one, "Toward the Gulf," fresh from the Macmillan press. In the three years since "Spoon River" Mr. Masters has annually published a volume of verse which, as such volumes go, has been a bulky one, containing, quantitatively, as much as the average bard distributes over a trio. But the point is that he is *not* an average bard. He is, as I have said, the happy—or, at least, the exceptionally favored—possessor of a *daimon*. Hence the free, strong flow of his verse, with no need of watering the wine. "Spoon River," "Songs and Satires," "The Great Valley,"

and "Toward the Gulf" constitute a large body of poetry to have been produced in, comparatively, so short a time. The fact that this is the case and that the latest—and, I think, the largest—volume of the four shows no falling-off in power, but, to the contrary, represents the poet's highest achievement thus far, is the best reason in the world for the belief I have expressed.

It is customary, or was until very recently, in writing of a poet, to refer familiarly to his "Muse"—which the reader was fondly bidden to conceive in the guise of ethereal femininity, classically formed and diaphanously garmented. I cannot easily associate such a being with Edgar Lee Masters. But his *daimon* I clearly do perceive. Many of our poets have possessed each their own particular Muse. Masters is the first and only one whose tutelary spirit is of an opposite description. And that is principally why, to repeat what I have already stated, he is not an average poet (or an average American poet, which would be inimitably worse!) but one daimonically unique; one who veritably does "stand alone" and, standing thus, is the most challenging figure upon our poetical sky-line.

It was Socrates, I believe, who introduced the conception of the *daimon*. If all accounts are true—that is, those for which we are indebted to Plato—he was possessed, literally and absolutely, by one. The case is not so utter, so unconditional, with Masters; though I may say that he can be amazingly Socratic on occasion. If he has avoided cohabitation with a kept Muse, he has at the same time permitted himself occasionally to sigh to some such divinity which he has encountered by the way. The results of these *tendresses* are sometimes exquisitely beautiful—such things as "The Awakening," for instance, and others that I might mention, in the present volume. Occasionally, also, he has paused to more than sigh. Then burning kisses have been printed upon his brow, perhaps upon his lips, and, thrilling with their emotions and their memories, he gives us such things as his "Recessional" or "My Light With Yours"—things not merely of exquisite beauty but glowing with the divine fire itself, things which take the breath and set the pulse to throbbing.

But as a rule it is the *daimon* who speaks through the poet, who *is* the poet, in Lee Masters. Of all voices that have made utterance in verse there is no other like his. When "Spoon River" appeared a critical effort was made to link up its author with Whitman. To argue that he was oblivious of Whitman would have been impertinent—but to dub him Whitman's "natural son," as was done, was not less than incredibly obtuse. And it remained for Mr. Reedy to point out what was apparent to a few others, not critics, but thoughtful, sensitive readers—namely, that the link of kinship led, not to "Old Walt" but to Robert Browning.

Critically there could be nothing truer. And never has the truth been made so palpable as in "Toward the Gulf." But Masters is no more *fils naturel* to Browning than to Whitman. The poet, unlike the criticism upon him, is no bastard one. Neither imitator nor epigone of Browning, he has felt and reacted to his influence—the fruits thereof nevertheless being original, individual and unique; something, in other words, authentically creative. It would be fatuous to call Masters "the American Browning." He is not an American Browning. He is the American Masters and an American master—in his own right.

Of his Americanism he is acutely conscious, but not in the Whitmanesque fashion, professionally, ostentatiously, attitudinizingly self-conscious. He is most avowedly racial, says so, plainly, in his prefatory dedication to Mr. Reedy, whom he there and rightly names, with all appropriate acknowledgment, the "onlie living begetter" of "Spoon River" and its successors, which he self-characterizes as his "attempt to mirror the age and country in which we live." The indigenous quality of "Toward the Gulf" is bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh. Such poems as that giving the volume its title and the two immediately following it, "The Lake Boats" and "Cities



of the Plain," such others as "Sir Galahad," which is of the innermost marrow of "these States," to lapse into the Whitman argot; "Johnny Applesced;" "Black Eagle Returns to St. Joe," in which we get something seeming veritably to have grown out of the aboriginal soil and soul; those sequential spiritual dramas disguised as profane adventures, "The Eighth Crusade" and "The Bishop's Dream"—these and many more fulfill the definition I have claimed for them so indisputably and so completely as to create a native *genre* of their own.

Over and above the Americanism of the book, however, is its exposure of the limitless, tireless range of the poet's thought and feeling. He would himself I think be the first to disclaim the "cosmic" *cliché* which the reviewers to-day with such facility affix to anything and everything from the "Divina Commedia" to a city directory. Nothing, however, which his wide-sweeping intellect perceives, deduces, apprehends, but is food for the imaginative faculty, insatiably inquisitive and audaciously creative, ever at work behind it and crystallizing in his verse. Thus it happens that numerous of the most arresting things which make up "Toward the Gulf" are of exotic inspiration. And among these must be singled out the supreme poem of the volume and, as I think, the poet: "To-morrow is My Birthday."

A lover of anthologies, upon my book-shelves there are many, one of which is entitled "The Praise of Shakespeare." Its compiler has endeavored to gather into it all the most familiar and felicitous tributes to the "myriad-mind" and the authors quoted include many of resplendent, nay, immortal, fame. Necessarily, however, it does not include two poems, at the time of its publication yet unwritten, that rank to-day among the most memorable and moving utterances which he who was "not of an age but for all time" has inspired. The first of these, in point of date, is Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Ben Jonson Entertains a Visitor from Stratford," which appeared a couple of years ago. The other is that by Edgar Lee Masters which I have just named.

Immediately upon its publication Mr. Robinson's poem was recognized as one of the finest achievements of any contemporary poet. It is thoroughly characteristic of its author in both method and style. Equally so is Masters' handling of the theme. Robinson approaches Shakespeare from his favorite angle of indirection—we see him through a double veil, of which one thickness is provided by Ben Jonson, the other by the visitor from Stratford. Masters, true to his unswerving system of attack, which is so vital an element of "Spoon River" and without which that work would and could not be what it is, gives us a direct interpretation. He will allow nothing nor nobody to come between himself, his readers, and the man. "Here," as it were, he says, "is Shakespeare. Let us listen to him, oblivious of all else."

I need not essay analysis of the poem, for it originally appeared in the MIRROR—of which Mr. Reedy as editor may legitimately be prouder than of the fact that there "Spoon River" also first saw the light. For me, it is one of those few, those too few poems of which American poetry, American literature, cannot be too proud. Psychologically it is a masterpiece. In tonality, phrasing, nuance, it strikes from full-toned strings rhythms and harmonies whose rich and subtly varied music, almost symphonic, is all the more effective for the whimsical interludes that give it, by contrast and complementary color, a still rarer splendor. Critics have faulted it as over-sexed. Let us admit that the *daimon* of the poet seems at times somewhat hag-ridden and that his portrait of Shakespeare, in this regard, resembles that which, as *présentateur*, Frank Harris conjured up. Let us admit that this may, in a sense, blemish the presentment. But the admission cannot affect the poetical value of the poem, which must always remain its ultimate and final test.

In some of the pieces to be found in "Toward the Gulf" the poetry does not always bear the sexual stress so successfully and the impression then is rather that of an *étude psychopathique* than a poem.

Every poet must have the defects of his qualities and Miss Lowell, I believe, has specified this as Masters' chief one. But we must accept him as he is, just as we must every poet who, like him, so unequivocally demands acceptance, and to whom, indeed, it cannot be denied.

There are times, too, when the *daimon* of Masters becomes so preoccupied with his sensations and ideas that poetic values fly, as it were, out of the window to incontinentally disappear. Among the most striking things in the volume is "Dr. Scudder's Clinical Lecture," an amazing thing, a thing more than Browningsque, in which at times the medium descends so sheerly to pure prose that it barely escapes deserving its title in a double sense. Yet—does this vitiate the effect aimed at? There is room for the argument that it may not.

Lee Masters has also amused himself with a series of facile and highly entertaining *tours-de-force*. He catches the manner, the very tone and accent, of Vachel Lindsay as easily as he does that of E. A. Robinson or of Whitcomb Riley; while he also offers a delicious parody of Swinburne, double-edged with a biting marginal commentary in brackets. We get the *daimon* here in his lighter moments, tongue in cheek and naso-digital gesture. And perhaps nowhere do we get the true Masters more vividly than here—the disillusioned, saturnine, sardonic, cynically ironic commentator upon the *comédie humaine*; unable, nevertheless, to view it with detachment and therefore absorbed to intensity in its every detail and element, event and personality, exposing nakedly their most hideous deformities but, when he can forget them, solacing himself with those things true and beautiful and good and singing of them vibrantly, passionately, rapturously and with heart-searching power.

♦♦♦♦

## At La Croix Rouge

By Catherine Postelle

PENSEE took her work and went to one corner of the long table. She drew her shoulder up high so that the woman on her right could not see. The woman at the end was giving out cloth, needles, thread and thimbles and would not notice. Six weeks it had been since she had heard. Six weeks is a long time. One could not sleep for listening, one could not eat, and if the hands trembled—

The others were different. When Pensee glanced over her hunched shoulder down the long line of faces, she saw how calm they were. They made bandages as one hems a fine table cloth, or makes a flower in the end of a towel. As for Pensee a crimson blot seemed to come in the center of the bandage she held.

That was a pretty woman who sat beside her. She was very proud. She said she had two sons in the service, officers, both of them. One was instructor in a training camp; Captain Dusil, that was. The younger had just been made lieutenant. They might go to France, she did not know. One must be prepared for that.

A woman at the other end of the table began talking in a loud voice. Pensee had never seen her before. She had auburn hair much waved and curled and a very large nose, and her fingers sparkled as she drew out her thread. "If I had a dozen sons—"

There was a clattering noise, someone had let the big shears fall. Pensee started. Her heart beat so fast. She did not know why she was such a fool.

"If I had a dozen sons," the red woman began again—she had a scarlet coat hanging from her shoulders—"it is at the front I would wish them, every one—at the front."

Pensee tried not to hear. She wished to shut her ears with her fingers, but she was afraid someone would see. The words seemed to pierce inside her heart—"at the front."

A little woman looked up from her sewing. Pen-

see saw a tear fall on her bandage. She had a timid voice, but the words seemed wrung from her lips as she looked down the long table. "How many sons—how many sons have you at the front?"

The red woman stared. "How many? Oh! I have none. God did not give me any children. But if I had, I would give all, all to my country." She shook out the folds of her scarlet coat and patted her hair with her glittering fingers.

"My God!" thought Pensee, "how brave she is, and I have but one and God knows—" She could not thread her needle and the crimson blot on her bandage seemed to grow and grow.

"We must give to the last—to the very last one, *Noblesse oblige*," It was Madame Charleton who spoke. She was very old. She had had many sons. They were all dead. Long ago they had gone away, one after the other, in little white coffins. Madame Charleton went every Sunday with flowers for the row of little graves. "My God!" thought Pensee again, "but she has forgotten. She is very old."

"All my time I give," the red woman began again, "seven sweaters, and casques and socks, oh! innumerable. I hate a—slacker as I hate a coward, a woman who weeps."

Pensee cowered over her work, she hunched her shoulders higher. What if they knew of her tears? What if the red woman knew that when the postman turned in the little gate she ran and stopped her ears lest— But six weeks! God had made her so, very little and with such a heart that it trembled at every sound. These were brave women at La Croix Rouge.

Pensee looked again at the woman with the sparkling fingers. She hid her own knotted hands under the cloth. Working had made them like that, working for papa and Alcide, papa and Alcide, all she had in the world.

A small, dark woman with blowsy hair blustered into the room. Her voice was high and shrill. It struck Pensee's ears like blows from a hammer. She had a paper in her hand which she shook at the women at the table. "The Americans are at the front. It is Pershing's casualty list. I thought you would wish to hear. Thirteen wounded. Only six killed. No one that we know. But one from this state. Alcide—Alcide—the print is bad—looks like Condigny—something like that."

Pensee dropped forward on the table as from a mortal wound. No one noticed. The women were counting the work, folding, sorting, putting it away. Pensee was blind and sick to death. Somewhere in France—a battlefield—Alcide lying there, dying alone, trampled upon,—dead, stiff and stark and cold,—and she so tender of him all the years of his life, brooding over him with fond and foolish ways. Oh! God had made her so. She lay quite still, stricken with an uncompromising wound.

Then suddenly as with a rush of wings something swept over her. To the front, to the ultimate sacrifice he had gone—to his death—her son—he had kept nothing back. Oh! she knew, laughing and brave to the last. He had given his gift as a king gives a ransom, freely, carelessly,—a lustrous deed—her son, worthy of some great strong mother who with such freedom could give her gift, who could make her sacrifice with such splendid generosity.

Pensee lifted her face—sore stricken—oh! if one's country demands a son, one must look like that. The women saw. They huddled about her. "Oh! was it her son? Oh! was it your son? Oh! what shall we do?" The bravest began to weep. The red woman knelt at her feet and buried her face on Pensee's knees. They swayed to and fro and moaned as women do.

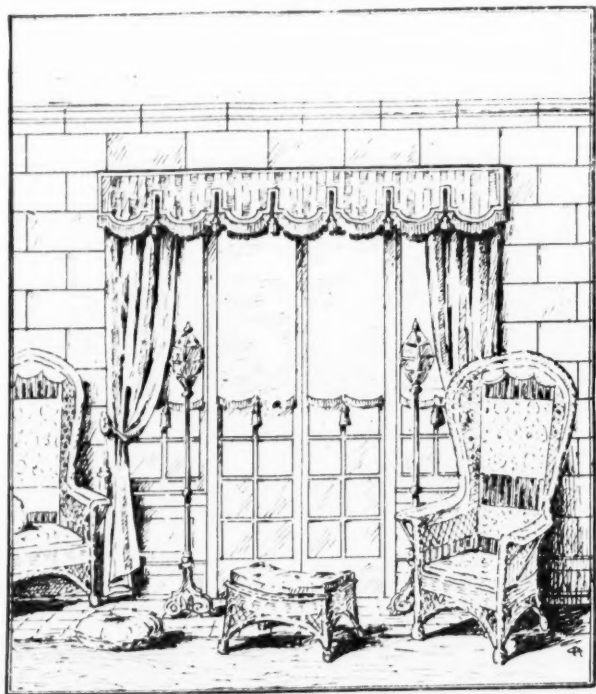
Pensee stood up. Oh! as a trembling acacia she trembled. Her voice shook in her throat, yet when she spoke it was as though she proclaimed a triumph, as of old one proclaimed a victory with wreaths and processions and triumphal arches.

"It is my son, Alcide. He is more dear than seven sons. Somewhere in France—it is for his country—he is kill."

*"Man is, in a large measure, what he lives in"*

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### A Red Sunset

By Bertha Helen Crabbe

The boy was small and pale, and rather cocky over his new gray spring suit, with the lavender tie and socks and the lavender-banded hat. The girl with him did not do justice to his splendors, and he knew it. Pulling down his vest with uneasy self-consciousness, he looked stealthily around the crowded car to see if anyone were taking note of the discrepancy between her appearance and his own. All day it had worried him more or less; now for some reason it assumed an irritating importance. He glared furiously into those eyes which happened to meet his, and drummed upon the straw covering of the car seat. After a time he glanced sidewise at the girl.

He admitted that she was a "cute enough" little thing, with her sharp, elfish face and quick wit, but there was no doubt about the fact that her black dress-skirt was thread-bare and spotted, and her white waist had seen many days of wear since its last laundering. Her hat and shoes, too, were decidedly shabby. It was a shame, the boy thought, that he had drawn such a poor prize. He had not noticed her clothes much

that morning when he picked her up on the avenue, and invited her to spend the day with him at Seaside. It was her face which had attracted him. There was something avidly alive and daring about it that had centered his attention immediately, and had kept it centered without flagging all during that long full day of junketing.

But this was the hour of disillusionment. It had come to others besides the boy. The whole carful of pleasure-weary, home-going people was oppressed by it. Rouge showed too brazenly upon cheek and lip, eyes were tired and resentful, wit was acrid and slow to respond. Again these people had been cheated out of the perfect happiness which they had sought, and vaguely pricking into their consciousness was the knowledge that on the next holiday they would spring just as confidently to the search and be just as cleverly cheated.

The boy thought it was the girl who had cheated him, and he could not endure being cheated. It turned him sullen and pettishly vengeful. He scowled darkly at her. She must have grit to keep up such a rapid-fire display of charms under his perfectly apparent displeasure. But he did not admire her grit; it was stupid and senseless. He



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had long since ceased to play up to her. Her merry quips and gay flights of nonsense had grown stale from over-use, the flash of her black eyes had become meaningless, her smiles were like clever pieces of mechanism designed to display her small, crooked, white teeth; all her methods of charm and attraction were ugly and distinct beneath the surface of her art.

The boy was sick of her. He drew away as far as the seat would permit. She immediately moved nearer. He frowned out of the window across the aisle. She leaned over in front of him, and chattered up into his averted face. Suddenly he turned and glared at her, his little blue eyes savage, his lips snarling.

Her light laughter broke off, suspended in mid-air. Her face stiffened, the small chin grew sharp. "Why'n't you bite my head off?" she snapped.

He grunted, and settled into himself like an obstinate old man.

With a founce she turned her back

upon him, and looked out of the window. He could see the cords in her neck jerk with the furious chewing of her gum. From his point of vantage he looked her over resentfully. Her straight black hair grew in witches' locks in the nape of her neck, her ears were small and vixenish, there was a rim of grime above her rumpled lace collar. He hated the girl.

"I hope you know me next time you see me!" She flashed around and caught the hatred in his eyes.

He flushed and muttered unintelligibly.

"What's the matter with you anyhow?" the girl demanded. "Ain't I played up to you all day the best I know how? Ain't I smiled till my cheeks cracked, and kept my brain hummin' thinkin' up things to please you? Ain't I pretended I liked hot dogs when they near choked me? Ain't I made out I was scared of the waves, and screamed my head off so you could feel tickled and superior? Didn't I make you think you was the



strongest, bravest man in the world to go out beyond the life-lines? Ain't I made myself out a poor, mean, little sneakin' liar a thousand times to-day just to please you? Ain't I worked like the devil to please you? Say, boy, I want you to know I've paid a thousand times over to-day for this trip, and I want what's comin' to me! I want you to know I ain't goin' to stand for you turnin' sour on me like this!"

The boy looked at her helplessly. "Aw, shut up," he said, jerking his head backward with an awful effort at bravado.

Something desperate welled up in the girl's dark eyes. "Shut up nothin'!" she cried. "I want you to understand you've got to treat me square! There hasn't been one minute this blessed day that I ain't had every nerve stretched to please you! I ache like I'd been pounded, tryin' to give you your money's worth of good time! I'm square, I tell you! No fellow ever spent a dime on me that he didn't get full measure for it! I'd like to know how you think I feel to work myself to the limit all day, and then have you turn me down like this! Men make me sick! They make me dog-sick! I wish you could be a girl for a minute, and see how it feels. Gee, what a girl does for a man, how she crawls and scrunches and lies and knuckles under, how she trots out all she's worth and jingles it before his eyes like somebody jingles a watch-chain to get a baby to smile! It makes me sick! I'm tired of it! I'm done! You can go to blazes if you want to, you poor, little, fed-up shrimp! I'm done!" She turned her back upon him, and leaned her elbows on the window-sill.

The train rattled out on the long trestle. The sun was setting over the bay. Its light was of a peculiar red transparency. The whole car was flooded with it. The passengers blinked and moved uneasily in their places. They seemed furtively on guard. It was an uncomfortably conspicuous and obtrusive sunset. It was keen, compelling beauty which must be reckoned with. Gradually, faces unconsciously played upon by feeling, lifted to it. Here and there one became refined to pure spirit.

Slowly the girl turned away from the window. Her eyes were bewildered with beauty. She looked at the boy. He stared at her, his face strained and awed and baffled of understanding.

"Say, kid," he faltered softly, "that's a great sunset, ain't it?"

A dazzling smile flashed over her face. "It sure is!" she agreed in a glad, singing voice.—*From The Bellman (Minneapolis).*

♦♦♦

#### A Parable

"The submarine blockade," said a government official at a dinner, "is a bluff. It does harm, of course; it does untold harm, but as a blockade it is a bluff. The bluffing, bragging submarines remind me of the hen. A hen, you know, set out to see the world and met a crow in a remote forest. 'But, madam,' said the crow, 'are you not afraid without wings of losing your way in all this dense tangle?' 'Afraid? Oh, no,' said the hen. 'Every little while I lay an egg to guide myself back by.'"

## A Few Poets

There are the poets who glory in the life of to-day, and think the only sincere thing to do is to use the language of "plain folks." In this school, first of all one would place Douglas Malloch, and after him Grantland Rice. (Paradoxical as it may seem, the poet, who writes "The Glory of God" has no place here.) In the other school, we have those romantic poets who wish to get away from to-day—either in fleeing to some foreign land—Greece, for instance—or by retiring within their own souls, or even by living in the future. Of course these diversions must overlap at times; no poet's writings can be absolutely pigeon-holed and labeled "Realist" or "Romanticist." If he or she were to submit to such a treatment, the true grace of poetry would be lost. This fluidity is especially manifest in Mr. Malloch's "Tote Road and Trail" (Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis). His poems deal with Michigan lumber men and their life in camp. They show the lumber jack's philosophy of life, his love of work and the great outdoors, his attitude towards life, his love for woman, etc. All this in the workers' own words. Take this little bit of homely philosophy called "Prosperity:"

*It's easy to haul on the level*

*A tote-road that's smooth as a floor;  
You may have to work like the devil  
An' pull till your shoulder is sore;*

*An' even a hill may not fest you,  
A little upgrade now an' then—  
But theres' one road that will test you,  
The test of both horses an' men.*

*An' that is the down-grade, my brother,  
The place when you don't have to  
pull;  
The easy road, somehow or other,  
Is the one that of trouble is full.*

In spite of its almost childish sing-song rhythm, this is a good little poem; it is realistic in the sense that it uses everyday things for illustrations; and uses everyday language. It is very commendable that none of the brutality or sensual side of the woodmen's life is portrayed by Mr. Malloch. All the woodmen are honest, naive, child-like people. One may doubt, however, that lumber-camp life is really all like this. It may be that the men do have inarticulate thoughts (such as those in the poem quoted above), and that Mr. Malloch has given them voice. If this is true, and one hopes it is, this makes Mr. Malloch in spirit, regardless of style, an idealist. The true realist does not interpret what is under the surface—he simply presents a situation, and leaves the rest to us.

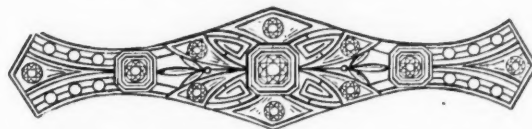
♦

Grantland Rice, whom we have grouped with Mr. Malloch is subject to this same criticism—namely, that he idealizes his realism. In these poems "Songs of the Stalwart" (Appleton's) we have no attempt to locate—the poems are simply the expression of ordinary people's feelings—though not exactly in ordinary people's words; rather they are in a style, having almost the charm of simplicity, which the "old songs" have. In

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fact, many of Mr. Rice's poems have a "singableness,"—if one may use the word.

*When the world is sweet with the breath  
of rose,  
And the white-thorn hedge is a wall  
of gleam;*

*When an incense comes as the south  
wind blows,  
As the days move by in the drift of  
dream;*

*When life is but half awake at best,  
And ghosts of the twilight hover near,  
And old, old longing stirs the breast,  
And we turn to Her and the Yester  
Year.*

*When tassels, plumes of the cornland,  
bend*

*To drifting winds of a dreamy day;  
When drowsy birds in the maple send  
Their songs of peace to the world  
away;*

*When lanes are light with the morning  
glow,  
And night with the silver moon comes  
clear;*

*There's a tug at the heart from the long  
ago,  
And we turn to Her and the Yester  
Year.*

*A phantom from out of the old lost ways  
From city and meadow, from street or  
stream;*

*A wraith from the vanished yesterdays,  
Where the heart goes back to a sum-  
mer's dream;*

*We only know that the dream has passed,  
That the voice is lost when the night  
is near*

*But as long as the summer roses last,  
We turn to Her and the Yester Year.*

That ought to be set to music. The general tone of Mr. Rice's poems is sadness—he has a tendency to look backward to days gone by. However, we have an exception in the group of poems called "Songs of the Game." He deals with baseball, and makes the game symbolize life. He "puts it over" in a way that assures us the ordinary reader "gets it" and it is all buoyantly, breezily done. Here is Americanism indisputable.

♦

From these lyrics of the commonplace let us now turn to the other groups, which one is undecided whether to call Romantic or Idealistic. Strictly speaking, these poets are not inclined to be idealistic.

*And when men talk of Modern Art,  
And prate of things to be,  
I only know my lonely heart  
Goes back to them and thee,*

says Mr. O. H. Hardy in his apostrophe to Greece and her ancient works of art, in his book "In Greek Seas" (John Lane).

♦

Mr. Archibald MacLeish's "Tower of Ivory" (John Lane) is a repulse of all assaults of arid rationalism and crass materialism—a reaction against all the riddles of endless speculation and brutal experience; and that's all our present day life is to him—brutal experience? There is an impenetrable tower of refuge into which man may enter, in the spirit, and find

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there the true values and eternal verities which alone can make him victorious over the world. Mr. MacLeish's *piece de resistance* is a long poem dealing with the classical legend of Helen of Troy—although in a new way.

'Tis a trick!  
A dream! A pleasant! The dead are dead,

These are no words! A shadow—  
Says Faust, the magician, after he has roused up Helen of Troy. But Helen says:

I am she  
Whose flesh is dust—whose flesh can never die;

Helen I am, and yet not Helen, I;  
I am the fire  
Your passion builded, shadow of your heart,

So I am she ye seek in every maid  
Ye love and leave again. I am desire—

This thing am I—a rose this world has dreamed,

All of Mr. MacLeish's poems seem to have this feeling of the truth of our dreams if one may put it so. He says in "Imagery":

So mirrored in thy heart are all desires,  
Eternal longings, youths' inheritance,  
All hopes, that token immortality,  
All griefs whereto immortal grief aspires,  
Accary of the world's reality,  
I dream above the imaged pool, romance.

Miss Edna Dean Proctor's title poem of her book "The Glory of Toil" (Houghton, Mifflin) is a ringing song tract for the time. It goes thus, in part:

"Still reigns the ancient order—to sow,  
and reap and spin,

But oh, the spur of the doing; and oh,  
the goals to win,  
Where each from the least to the greatest,  
must bravely take his part—  
Make straight the furrows or shape the  
lazes, or dare the crowded mart!  
And he who lays firm the foundations,  
though his strong right arm may  
tire,  
Is worthy as he who carves the arch  
and dreams the airy spire;  
For both have reared the minster that  
shrines the sacred fire.

Miss Proctor, however, does not sustain this tone. Her book is a mixture of Indian legends, war poems, a few poems about Mexico, and finally she closes with a somewhat hackneyed treatment of the future "Kingdom of God." She can do this sort of thing unblushingly:

"For oh, the goal of this world is Joy—  
Joy divine that is born of love;  
Sorrows are wings that safe convey  
The soul to its nobler realms above!"

♦♦♦

## A Palace of Finance

There was thrown open to the St. Louis public this week the most spacious and splendid banking structure in the United States—the building of the Mercantile Trust company of St. Louis, on the northeast corner of Eighth and Locust streets. Exteriorly imposing, without otiose grandiosity, it is interiorly a stroke of beauty in fitness upon the eye. The effect is that of a great luminous art gallery or a hall of a parliament. Not a pillar mars the sweep of one's vision down the broad vista. Light, light, light is the chief impression, and this light brings out the further impression of a structural gracefulness that is deftly wrought upon an underlying massivity. Crowded with people about their banking business, the scene viewed from the balcony hung from the roof with heavy decorative chains is that of some gathering in decorous festival. This great hall, with its sides of marble and fine woods and wrought brass behind which the banking work is done, is 237 feet deep and 127 feet wide, but the effect is as of greater dimensions. And the vast business doing there is as soundless almost as a pine forest on a windless summer day. Throughout the offices proper, the president's room, the directors' room, the effects are rich with no faintest hint of gaudiness. Here is neatness in a sumptuous simplicity; it is pervasive but not overpowering. There is nothing too much. In totality of effect the place has a soothingness as of a rhythm to the eye. One grasps here quite definitely a sense of the meaning of the melody in architecture—something inwardly satisfying in its high appropriateness.

'Tis a fine home for a fine institution—fine in the special sense of the spirit of an institution. For here's a trust company that isn't built into great power upon the wreck of anything or anybody. The Mercantile Trust company is distinctively a democratic institution, founded not so much on great undertakings or underwritings as upon service to a great many of those uncommonly good folks, the common people. It is a popular institution. Its depositors gathered together in one place would make a fair-



sized city. It is the trust company, not exclusively but mostly, of the small business man, whose faith in it has been justified in many a time of stress and strain. The company is one out of which no man has become amazingly rich, though there are very wealthy men a many in its directory. The company was founded in November, 1899, and is therefore not quite twenty years old, but it is one of the strong concerns of the country. It was the first trust company to join the St. Louis Clearing House, and was until very recently the only one in the Eighth district of the Federal Reserve bank system. The company has gone steadily forward since the day of its founding, noted always for initiative and originality without pliancy or temerariousness. It has been a pace-setter without exceeding or even threatening the speed-limit.

Mr. Festus J. Wade has been its president from the beginning; the company has been an externalizing of the inner man. He has been and is a very democratic trust company president, never too busy to be human friendly. He was never solely a getter, always much of a giver of himself. So we have the explanation of the popularity of the institution. He did unprecedented things, for here, such as taking a large issue of Philippine bonds, while other bankers held their breath. He put forth issues of small parts of loans of midwest institutions thus helping the small investor and the small institutions. When the war broke and cotton was a drug he organized the cotton pool that held back a smash until the operation of natural law in unnatural conditions resurrected cotton to kingship once more. More recently he has done distinguished work for the liberty loans and the thrift campaign, and is now one of the corps of advisers of the Secretary of the Treasury, Director of Railroads, Supervisor of Corporations and Lord Knows What Else—William Gibbs McAdoo. Without making invidious distinctions it may be said that Mr. Wade, because of his energy, his originality, his personality in which democracy makes a rare combination with efficiency, is regarded among bankers, nationally, as the representative of the best of both old and new banking methods in the middle west. And if one were to try to summarize his method in a sentence, it could not possibly be done better than by saying it consists in going to the people. He goes to them with his offer of service, not spectacularly but on the plain basis of solid common sense.

The men who are associated with Mr. Wade in the company are of his kind. They are not addicted to frills. They don't strain after large operations or stupendous deals. They are prudent without being fearful. They run the bank for their customers rather than for themselves and they are not speculators so much as custodians. The bank staff is a staff of young men, with their youth stabilized yet resilient. Their activities cover the range of all the business in which a trust company may engage, and their attitude to the large public with whom they deal is that of combined servants and advisors. The organization is on tip-toe all the time, ready, alert, keen, just like our soldier

boys look as they march forth to war. From top to bottom the Mercantile Trust company organization is just what its new building expresses architecturally—strong, with lots of light and a free airiness of individuality throughout, and with all the stresses carefully calculated and something of the feeling that there's no reason why business should not be done with regard to grace and beauty.

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#### One on Canny Andy

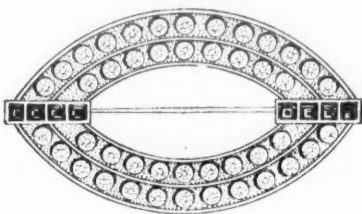
The following story is credited to Andrew Carnegie, who objects to the smell of tobacco: "Recently I was traveling on a local line near London," he said, "and at a wayside station a man boarded the train, sat down in my compartment, and lighted a vile clay pipe. 'This is not a smoking carriage,' said I. 'All right, governor,' said the man; 'I'll just finish this pipe here.' He finished it, then refilled it. 'See here,' I said, 'I told you this wasn't a smoking carriage. If you persist with that pipe I shall report you at the next station.' I handed him my card. He looked at it, pocketed it, but lighted his pipe nevertheless. At the next station, however, he changed to another compartment. Calling the guard, I told him what had occurred, and demanded that the smoker's name and address be taken. 'Yes, sir,' said the guard, and hurried away. In a little while he returned. He seemed rather awed. He bent over me and said apologetically: 'Do you know, sir, if I were you I would not prosecute that gent. He has just given me his card. Here it is. He is Mr. Andrew Carnegie.'"

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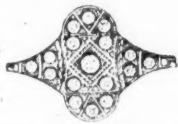
He—Of course women should vote. They deserve suffrage as much as men—more, because their minds are purer and cleaner.

She—Of course, their minds are cleaner, but how do you know that?

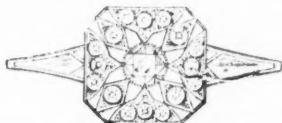
He—Because they change them so much oftener.—Puck.



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## Ysaye and Bunyan

By Victor Lichtenstein

If "an institution is the lengthened shadow of one man," then must the Cincinnati biennial festival be called the echo of Theodore Thomas' virile personality; but just as any institution is always in danger of fossilization unless a new spirit is breathed into its frame, so the advent of an Olympian nature like Ysaye's is augury of new triumphs for the association.

Ysaye did not arrive in town until April 1, when he was engaged to direct the closing concerts of the Cincinnati symphony orchestra. His success was so gratifying that he was immediately appointed director-general of the vast festival forces. In the short space of about four weeks he not only prepared six big programmes (two orchestral and four choral), but actually re-arranged practically the entire "St. Matthew's Passion" of Bach so as to have the orchestrations conform to the original intent of the composer.

It is an open question whether Bach's early eighteenth century instrumentation, with its thin, ghostly, now obsolete oboe d'amore, and viola da gamba, is suited to an auditorium as vast as the music hall in Cincinnati; but the audience actually heard the work as conceived by the old master and not in a modern garb. To me the somewhat monotonous plaint of the delicate accompaniment of two flutes, or even a single instrument like the gamba (a seven-stringed 'cello) with the rest of the vast orchestra religiously mute, had an uncanny power, as of ghosts of an elder day coming back to chant the sorrows of the gentle Gallilean. The "Passion" music is in fact best suited for performance in the atmosphere of the cathedral; it is glorious, majestic, profoundly religious in spirit, but is likely to weary even the most musical audience, as it requires almost three and a half hours to perform.

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sensuous liveliness! Take the alto aria (gloriously sung by Matzenauer) "Oh pardon me, my God;" or those heart-searching chorals which bring the unashamed tears as "Oh Head all bruised and wounded, Hung up to brutal scorn!" Nothing nobler, lovelier, has been conceived in the brain and heart of any musician past or present.

But the real thing of the festival was and remains—Ysaye! If there was a vestige of doubt in the minds of the festival directors as to his ability to give a good account of the classics, that misgiving was utterly banished with Thursday afternoon's performance of the Beethoven "Eroica." Beginning with a majestic reading of the first movement, Ysaye requested the audience to rise in honor of the heroic dead on the battlefields of Flanders, and then played that magnificent funeral march as I have never heard anyone play it; it was a dirge and a paean of triumphant justice in one. The last movement, rated the weakest of the four, he read with such a fabulous wealth of nuance and dynamics that it seemed a new work.

On this same programme (the best of the six) Matzenauer, regal in mien and glorious of voice, gave the well-known Brunnhilde immolation scene from the "Twilight of the Gods," singing in English. The orchestra rose to new heights of wonder and majesty in this greatest of all music dramas.

A unique tone-poem, "Exile," written by Ysaye for violins and violas alone, voiced the yearning and anguish of the great Belgian refugee, torn from his native soil by the horror of the German invasion. Thursday's concert marked its first performance.

For Mr. Stillman Kelley's "Pilgrim's Progress," a musical miracle play, the text written by Elizabeth Hodgkinson of Cincinnati, and based on Bunyan's famous allegory, I have nothing but unqualified praise. A mere enumeration of the subdivisions of the music will give a survey of the work: Part one includes "The City of Destruction," "Christian's Departure," "The Wicket Gate," and the "Valley of Humiliation." Part two is "Vanity Fair," and part three is given over to "The Delectable Mountains" and "The Celestial City."

The Greek dramatists employed the chorus to explain the action, and Bach in the "Passion" music uses the Evangelist for the same purpose. Kelley entrusts the epic element to the dreamer (John Bunyan), whose function it is to review the incidents of the play.

The Wagnerian "representative motive" is in evidence here as in all modern music drama. Mr. Kelley has written music to the first part, noticeably in the choruses, which will rank with anything of the same type produced in the last twenty-five years, either in America or England. . . . Thrilling climaxes are achieved in the choir of celestial voices hailing *Christian* for his victory over *Apollyon*.

"Vanity Fair," with its hubbub and confusion, offers characteristic musical features of the various national "rows" described by Bunyan; we have French and Italian traits in the opening chorus, old English "Galliards," German waltzes, Spanish dances, etc.

Some of the most delightfully quaint orchestral effects are here in evidence:

*Mr. Money-Love's* gold-jingling being cleverly simulated by a startling succession of tinkling intervals of seconds—these of course are but minor and external details.

Mr. Kelley's harmonic idiom is largely his own; and as Wagner is recognizable by his essential turn, so our New Englander from Wisconsin has labelled himself with sinuous passages of diatonic and chromatic thirds—again a superficial trait of physiognomy. But the work bears the stamp of tremendous sincerity. It is full of lovely writing, noticeably the music allotted to the celestial voices (wonderfully sung by a boy choir); a florid aria by *Madame Bubble* (Matzenauer) quite in the manner and import of the modern Italians; and a superb tenor prayer of aspiration, "My soul longeth for the courts of the Lord," sung by *Hopeful*.

An audience which overflowed the vast auditorium and included hundreds of standees, gave unmistakable evidence of its delight by an ovation to all participants, including the composers of course, which in enthusiasm was inspiring and heart-warming. Part one is probably the finest and most genial portion of the work.

The other choral works performed were Haydn's "Seasons" (text after Thompson's poem) which opened the festivities on the seventh instant; Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and Wolf-Ferrari's "The New Life" (Dante) which closed the week.

Ferrari's cantata, written in the contemporary Italian idiom, rich, colorful, ravishingly melodious, is worthy of higher praise than is usually accorded its manifold treasures. Ferrari belongs to that type of artist-creator who goes through life with the desire to give innocent joy to the struggling multitude; and his works, distinguished, aristocratic even in tone, are lovely and charming in the finest sense of these words.

Perhaps the greatest popular success of the week was achieved by Mr. Carlo Liten, French actor, who recited (to the accompaniment of a rather stereotyped "Carillon," written "to order" by Elgar) Emile Cammaerts' poem, "*Chantons, Belges, Chantons*." After enumerating the agonies and hopes of the conquered nation "Singing of the joy of honor, When cowardice might be so sweet!" The poem concludes thus:

*"Sing, Belgians, sing!  
Although our wounds may bleed,  
Although our voices break,  
Louder than the storm, louder than the  
guns,  
Sing of hope and fiercest hate,  
'Neath this bright autumn sun,  
Sing of the pride of charity  
When vengeance would be so sweet!"*

It was worth the trip to Cincinnati to take part in the singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner," the entire audience joining with soloists and chorus under Ysaye's vigorous leadership. Such community singing is thrilling and inspiring. Ysaye is planning to do unusual things this winter with a series of municipal concerts, chamber-music evenings, etc., and St. Louis will see the master himself at the head of the Cincinnati symphony on January 20 next, at the Odeon, under Miss Cueny's management. After hearing these concerts my ad-

miration for our St. Louis symphony orchestra has increased considerably. We do not know what a superb body of instrumentalists we have; and although I see no special advantage to the town in planning a festival of the vast scope of those in Cincinnati (they were tried and discontinued in New York and Chicago) I do see an enormous gain in a strengthening of civic pride in our own art assets.

Cincinnati does not yet realize the tremendous power pregnant in the brain of Ysaye. It does not grasp the fact that here is a man to whom the term "master" may with full justice be applied; for in addition to his unassailable position as one of the greatest violinists of history (if not the greatest), he has slowly, laboriously, patiently built up a reputation as orchestral conductor which can no longer be challenged; for if music is the life of the emotions made manifest, surely Ysaye, by virtue of his full-orbed life and its latter sorrow and anguish, is eminently fitted to interpret for us these voices of the Spirit.

Eminent vocalists helped toward the complete success of the festival: Madame Matzenauer, Miss Florence Hinkle (now Mrs. Witherspoon), Miss Mabel Garrison, Mrs. Merle Alcock, Reinald Werrenrath, Lambert Murphy, Clarence Whitehill, Evan Williams, Charles T. Tittmann and Carl Formes; and a tiny artist in embryo, not to be overlooked, Master Sarver C. Spargo, who sang the difficult music of the *Shepherd Boy* in the "Pilgrim's Progress" in a style which put to shame much of the careless bungling of Whitehill and Williams; these two gentlemen should at least study the parts entrusted to them.

I had almost forgotten to mention several memorable moments in the matinee orchestral concerts; Ysaye gave us Mendelssohn's charming "Scotch" symphony, Cesar Frank's "Sleep of Psyche" and "Joyous March," with a poet's conception of the beauty which lies imbedded in all lovely things.

\*\*\*

#### A Ninetieth Anniversary

One of St. Louis' oldest retail institutions, Jaccard's, is celebrating its ninetyeth anniversary this week and in commemoration of the event is offering special values in all departments. The quality of Jaccard diamonds, watches, jewelry, silverwares, clocks and stationery bears a reputation second to none. The firm has maintained this enviable reputation through continuous effort, whenever possible advancing the grade of any article or line, so that today its reputation for excellence is well-nigh national. A few months ago, following the westward trend of trade, Jaccard's moved from its old location at Broadway and Locust where it had become a landmark and opened more elegant quarters at Ninth and Locust. Its new factory at that corner is nearing completion and when finished will be one of the most modern and complete jewelry factories west of the Mississippi. The most skilled artists and workmen are on the Jaccard staff, many of whom have been with the firm for years.



## Coming Shows

"The Four Husbands," a big musical comedy ensemble, will share headline honors with Belle Baker in her continued engagement at the Orpheum next week. Mme. Blanche Skrainka, St. Louis' brilliant dramatic soprano, will sing her best numbers and donate her entire salary for the week to the Red Cross in aid of the Red Cross drive. Kelly and Calvin, Phina and picks, Queenie Dunedin and Techow's cats will complete the bill.

At the Columbia Mlle. Berri's famous models will reproduce celebrated paintings in living poses. Other attractions will be a fine sketch called "The Little Shepherd of Bargain Row," Lutes brothers in an act known as "the armless wonder" novelty; Griffith and Mack in "The New Turnkey;" Wilton sisters, clever entertainers; Howard and Graf in "The Juggler's Dream;" Sigmund and Manning in a musical novelty; Leonard Milton, comedian; La Emma, dainty aerialist; and Universal Current Events.

Dunbar's old time darkeys will appear at the Grand Opera House in "Plantation Days," showing amusements down south before the war. The Bert Hughes company of cycling girls will play basketball on cycles. Dan Bruce and Margot Duffet will produce a scenic comedy called "A Corner in Wireless;" Hiatt and Moher will appear in "Most Anything;" Ramona Ortiz and company will supply a thrilling wire act; Nexo, sensational skater; Dan Ahearn; Black and O'Donnell; the latest comedy pictures and the Universal Weekly are all on the programme.

The Step Lively Girls company, one of the best on the burlesque circuit last season, will be at the Gayety next week presenting a rapidly moving and highly amusing series of scenes in "The Corset Shop." Several of last season's principals have been retained, including Rich McAllister, Harry T. Rannon and Dotson. The new stars are Tiny Hemley, Raymond Paine, Bea Hess and Nettie Hyde. A large chorus of pretty girls and a number of brilliant electrical effects are among the show's attractive features.

## New War Books

Amid the plethora of war books there is little literature. Much of the output is mere comment. It is either newspaper stuff collected and given such additions as altered conditions may demand, or it is civilian or military criticism. There is also the gossipy chronicle of events in the great arena. Of this type of war book, "Temporary Heroes" by Cecil Sommers (John Lane Company, the Bodley Head) offers a good example. Written in letter form, from a British territorial to his "best mate," they are lively, pungent ramblings on the several happenings of the soldier's life "somewhere in Belgium." The lighter vein predominates. For this reason it is properly thankful. Where the later realism, the hideousness of war, the touch is the more poignant and the welcome restraint. This lowly shows the author's power of seeing. Describing the Flemish landscape, he says: "The trees are like telegraph poles. They try to pass themselves off as Brussels sprouts." That is truly Belgium: good! Mr. Sommers writes with skilled simplicity that does duty for

actually definite style. His book is readable and his good taste never fails him.

"On the Right of the British Line" by Captain Gilbert Nobbs (Scribner's) is another book with a cheery note running through its pages. This is written by an officer in the territorials, blinded on the field. His simple, straightforward narrative will appeal to many readers, and the account of the German prison camp,—where Captain Nobbs received fairer treatment on the whole than the more violently jingo public would be, perhaps, willing to believe—is of distinct and timely interest.

The "Diary of a Nation" by E. S. Martin is a reprint of a series of illuminating editorials that have appeared in *Life*, commenting in a patriotic and far-seeing manner on the series of events that culminated in the United States entering the war. *Life*, it will be remembered, both by letterpress and illustration advocated the course to which the United States finally pledged herself. The sinking of the *Lusitania*, the deep sea outrages, all are treated in that concise and masterly manner that has caused Mr. Martin's work to be considered among the best contemporary journalistic comment on world events. It is a book that does not mince matters. The hesitation of the administration to declare a rupture with the Central Powers is by no means handled with gloves. Mr. Martin hits hard. And his words have proved that his visioning of events and sequences was at most times exceedingly sure. And his English is a treat.

Those who like to judge events and form opinions from documentary evidence will enjoy "Breaches of Anglo-American Treaties" by Major John Bigelow. (Sturgis & Walton Co.) Chapter and verse are given of the various agreements drawn up between the Powers, and of their sometime evasion or actual rupture by both parties. Those who are in doubt as to the validity of the United States entering the war on the side of the allies, may possibly find new food for thought in this illuminating volume. To understand something of the earlier diplomatic relationship between this union and Great Britain is assuredly to help out an intelligent appreciation of the march of events. The vexed fisheries question, the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, Fifty-four-forty-or-eight, these and many earlier moot points are herein treated, and private diplomatic correspondence elucidates and colors many a point that has hitherto "given one to think." Major Bigelow has produced a concise record that is as well a work of reference for those desiring to learn the various obligations between Great Britain and this country, and the pros and cons of the situation are all there for the searching. The discerning reader may suspect that the book has a slightly pro-German "second intention." It is not dangerous.

"Balfour, Viviani and Joffre. Speeches in America and those of the Italian, Belgian and Russian commissioners during the great war. Collected and arranged with descriptive matter by



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PROGRAM—WEEK OF MAY 12

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Girl Pianist.

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## GAYETY

## BURLESQUE SHOWS

14th AND LOCUST

THIS WEEK

Behman Show With Lew Kelly

NEXT WEEK—THE STEP LIVELY GIRLS

Produced Each Week with Propriety  
Before Audiences Composed of  
Women and Children.

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A Visit to Our Military Section Has  
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Our Section is in charge of men thoroughly familiar with the requirements of Officers and Enlisted Men. Every service is extended in the choice of the official uniform.

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## MEN'S STRAWS

**Greenfield's**

OLIVE AND EIGHTH

Francis W. Halsey (Funk and Wagnalls Co., New York) simply put forth, without adventitious phrase or pointless anecdote, gives a superficial view of the principal speakers of the allied missions to the United States. There is a cogency about it that indicates future investigation may uphold the premises and conclusions of Mr. Halsey's brief comment. That M. Viviani was pre-eminently the orator among those who spoke, there can be no doubt. His speech on May 2 before the House is magnificent. Here is its close: "It has been sworn on the tomb of Washington. It has been sworn on the tomb of our allied soldiers, fallen in a sacred cause. It has been sworn by the bedside of our wounded men. It has been sworn on the heads of our orphan children. It has been sworn on cradles and on tombs. It has been sworn." This is probably the greatest oratory that has been heard in America since the days of the civil war. On the other hand, Balfour is master of the art of quieting untimely suspicion. His phrases are those one would expect from a heredity of courtiers, diplomatists and statesmen. His is the weighed phrase, the perfection of courteous non-committal. This book is material for the historian of the future to make into more personal and interesting reading when perspective has made possible something more picturesque than mere comment.

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## Marts and Money

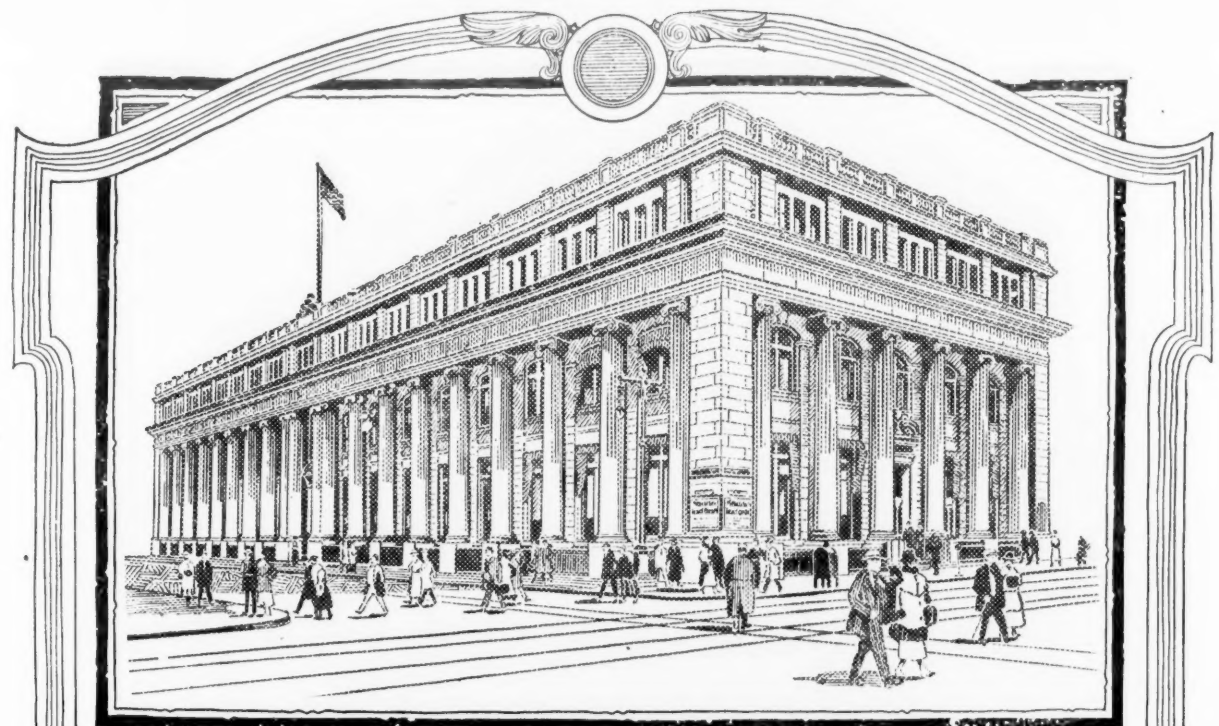
There's quite a deal doing in the Wall street market these days. Daily totals of stock transactions range from 600,000 to 1,100,000 shares, and quotations tend upward in nearly all representative quarters. Hopefulness, or, to use the colloquial superlative, optimism is once more very much the fashion. Fresh *elan* is imparted to it every time Steel common rises a point or two, or this or that leading operator is credited with heavy purchasing of Mercantile Marine preferred, or Industrial Alcohol, or Baldwin Locomotive common. There's engaging though decidedly significant publicity respecting the intention or actions of prominent parties, and it is unqualifiedly insisted that the successful flotation of the third war loan will be followed by a long period of accentuated ease in the loan department. In the last few days the effective rate for call funds frequently rose to 6 per cent, despite noteworthy improvement in the banking position, as this is revealed by the weekly statement, which reported an expansion of \$5,000,000 in excess reserves in face of an addition of \$98,000,000 to the loan item. Of course when the high contracting parties have made up their minds to raise values of stocks, the rates for money are negligible quantities. I have seen bull markets with call loans quoted from 10 to 25 per cent. Whether proceedings of such sort would be tolerated in prevailing conditions remains to be seen. There will be no serious objection, probably, so long as the charge is kept at 5 or 6 per cent, and the peril of an immoderate tying-up of the people's funds does not become too serious. It has been understood for some time that the \$200,000,000 money pool will

not allow of a higher rate than 6 per cent. Strange to say, the upward course in prices of numerous important stocks and corporation bonds was attended by rather smart declines in the values of Liberty 4 and 4½ per cent bonds. The last-named dropped to 98.20, while the first 4s relapsed to their previous minimum of 95.64. Demands for explanation elicited statements to the effect that banking institutions were liquidating on a big scale. If that has been the case, one should like to know why the selling was conducted in such unseemly haste, and why prices were permitted to fall as much as they did. While Liberty 4½ per cent bonds are quoted at 98.20, Baldwin Locomotive common, a non-dividend paying stock, is in voluminous demand at 87. Reading common, holders of which get \$4 on a par value of \$50, is rated at 85½. After Steel common had advanced about ten points further, Elbert H. Gary, the corporation's chairman, announced that "at the solicitation of the secretary of war, the corporation has undertaken to construct and equip for and at the expense of the government, upon a site to be located in the interior of the country, a plant for the manufacture of cannon and projectiles of larger sizes and in great quantities, and to operate the same when finished." The latest high record for Steel common was 109½. This compares with a minimum of 79½ on December 20, 1917, and with an absolute maximum of 136½ on May 31, 1917. The precipitous rise in the quotation since the final days of April has played havoc with the financial resources of thousands of sellers for short account. It had been a favorite pastime in recent months to sell Steel common whenever the quotation rallied to 90 or 91. *Hinc illae lacrimae.* Mexican Petroleum, which could be bought at 67 last December, is now priced at 99¼, and, of course, expected to go higher still. In 1916 the stock was as high as 129½. The dividend rate was recently raised to \$2 per quarter. The notion prevails that M. P. should be bought and held as a "peace stock." Its peace-instilling qualities have not been apparent to people who "got in" at the altitudinous prices of two years ago. The value of Mercantile Marine preferred has been lifted from 85 to 94. This is supposed to be another peace proposition, especially so since the stock is on a 6 per cent dividend basis and gets an extra allowance from time to time on account of unpaid dividends, the total of which is \$67 a share. In 1916 the quotation was up to 125½. Considering the amazing valuation of ocean tonnage at present, there's valid excuse for some of the enthusiastic talk regarding the post-bellum value of M. M. issues. Among railroad shares, Reading common and Union Pacific made the most striking responses to the uplift in the industrial and mining sections. The last-mentioned advanced to 124¼, also a new high record since January 1. New Haven and Hartford, which has for some time been drawing the interest of many folks given to speculation in low-priced issues, registered an advance to 34½, the best price for quite a while. In January, 1917, the stock was rated at 52½. The renewal of broad speculation in this stock has visibly been fostered by the removal of the financial difficulties that



the company had been confronted with in connection with the \$41,000,000 notes; likewise by a ruling of the commerce commission providing for increases in traffic charges. These, we are assured, should add about \$2,000,000 to the company's revenues. As could have been foretold, the commission indulged in the customary strictures upon past sins of commission and omission. The propriety of such utterances may be questioned at this time. Let the dead bury their dead. We have entered a new age and a new morality in all spheres of human endeavor. Neither the New Haven, nor any other railroad, nor any industrial corporation will henceforth deem it safe to evade or defy the public laws. On March 25, Canadian Pacific was obtainable at 135; the present quotation is 148 1/4. It is generally assumed that the stock is being accumulated by capitalistic folks who have abiding faith in its superior investment qualities, and who feel sure that within a year after the termination of the war the quoted value will be at least fifty points higher than it is to-day. The regular dividend rate still is 10 per cent. Six years ago the stock was valued at 283; that was just about the time of the outbreak of the first Balkan war, when far-sighted and well-informed financiers began to reef sails in anticipation of the great political storm that has since overwhelmed mankind. The monthly report of the department of agriculture forecast a winter wheat production of 572,000,000 bushels. Compared with the April estimate, this denotes an increase of 12,500,000 bushels. The actual winter wheat results last year were 418,000,000. Going into details, the report says, in part, that "the abandonment of acreage (13.7 per cent) is heavier than the average (10.9 per cent) for the past ten years, and heavier than had been anticipated. Of the total area abandoned (5,778,000 acres) nearly one-half is debited to Kansas. The four states of Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, and Texas contributed nearly four-fifths of the total abandonment. The condition of 80.4 per cent on May 1 compares with a ten-year average of 85.7. A month ago the condition was about 6 per cent below the average. The higher condition on May 1 is due, partly, to the elimination of the abandoned acreage this month in obtaining the average for the United States." The first official figures regarding the spring wheat fields will be given out on June 8. Judging by latest advices, prospects are distinctly encouraging. They foreshadow a yield of at least 350,000,000 bushels, owing, mostly, to substantial enlargement of the seeded territory. Final results cannot be reliably estimated before the middle of August. The yearly report of the Anaconda Copper Co., lately published, shows gross results of \$156,205,157 for 1917, against \$148,190,046 for 1916; a total income of \$40,247,463, against \$38,892,980, and a surplus, after depreciation and charges, of \$34,333,751, against \$50,828,372. The balance, after dividends, is placed at \$14,518,126, against \$33,343,997, and the profit and loss surplus at \$62,913,988, against \$48,395,862. President Ryan informs stockholders that in the course of 1917 the company purchased 50,900 additional shares of Inspiration Consolidated Copper, 2,700

shares of Greene-Canaan Copper, \$922,500 Liberty 3 1/2 per cent bonds, and \$3,628,100 first Liberty 4s. In addition, he reports the purchase of a large amount of second Liberty 4s. The material rebound in stock values has given new zest to the discussion of wild inflation. In my judgment, such a possibility is quite remote. The inflation that has so far taken place since August, 1914, is observable solely in commodity prices. The real causes for that are too well known to necessitate restatement or lengthy elucidation. The financial phenomena incidental to the civil war furnish no trustworthy precedents for the present occasion.



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#### Finance in St. Louis

It is a steady but stodgy kind of market on Fourth street. No response has yet been made to the revival in New York. Business continues very limited, broadly speaking, though numerous issues are temptingly quoted. The banking group is dormant almost altogether. There was only one transaction lately—five shares of Boatmen's brought 101, the previous figure. Of National Candy common one hundred and ten shares were disposed of at 42 to 42.50, and ninety Hamilton-Brown Shoe sold at 130 to 131. These prices compare with a maximum of 149½ in 1917. Two small lots of Certain-teed first preferred, a 7 per cent issue, were sold at 89.75, denoting a net yield of a little over 7¾ per cent. Twenty Wagner Electric changed hands at 148. The recent minimum was 164. Holders get \$8

per annum. Consolidated Coal remains notably firm at 84, which represents an advance of about fifty points over last year's low record. United Railways 4 per cent bonds are still selling at 51.25 to 51.75. Five of the preferred stock brought 18.50. The financial district took considerable interest in the 1917 report of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railway Co., which showed an increase of \$6,556,000 in operating revenue, an increase of \$925,000 in gross income, and a balance, after deductions and interest payments, of \$2,847,787, implying a gain of \$1,149,345. The quotations for the company's bonds have made perceptible advances in the New York market in the past few days.

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#### Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
Mechanics-Am. National	245	
Nat. Bank of Com.	113½	114
State Nat. Bank		190
Mortgage Trust	135	
United Rys. com.	4	5
do pfd.		118
do 4s	50¾	51¼
Union Depot 6s.	98½	
Fulton Iron pfd.	101	
Kin. L. D. Tel. Stock		140
Certain-teed com.		40
do 1st pfd.		90
Rice-Stix 2d pfd.		98
Int. Shoe com.	1	3
St. L. Brew. Assn. 6s.		67
Ind. Brew. 6s.	35	
Nat. Candy com.	41½	41¾
Chi. Ry. Equip.	101¾	
Mer.-Jac. & King pfd.	45	

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#### Answers to Inquiries

STOCKHOLDER, St. Louis.—Erie first preferred should not be sold at a severe loss at this time. The company is doing quite well; there are even hints that dividend payments may be resumed before long, in compliance with insistent demands on the part of a great number of shareholders. The full 4 per cent is safely earned. If it is declared, the stock's price would doubtless move up to about 40.

SPECTATOR, St. Louis.—(1) National Railroad of Mexico second preferred, quoted at 67½, is a long-range speculation. You should not buy it unless you can afford to run the unusual chances obviously involved. While matters have mended materially in Mexico, a return to normal still is a good distance off. The stock was quoted at 4½ last August. (2) Hold your Pressed Steel Car common. It's not overvalued at present price of 61. Last year's maximum was 83¼. The company has a total surplus of approximately \$11,000,000.

G. D. M., Springfield, O.—Cannot recommend purchase of Butte, Copper & Zinc except for a gamble. The stock has a narrow market, and its intrinsic merits are yet to be disclosed. If you wish to buy a mining stock, why not select something that has been tested for years and pays dividends? Put your money to work in these times. There's no excuse for buying doubtful goods when a large assortment of meritorious and remunerative issues is awaiting your consideration.

SUBSCRIBER, Highland, Ill.—American Locomotive common is a semi-speculative purchase. The 5 per cent yearly dividend is secure, the company earning at least 22 per cent on the total \$25,000,000 outstanding. Expectations of a 7 or 8 per cent rate account for the relatively

high price of 66¾, now in effect. The tops in 1917 and 1916 were 82¾ and 98¾, respectively. The low points were 46¾ and 58. Besides properties in this country, the company owns the Montreal Locomotive Works. If the present upward movement continues for two months or so, A. L. would be likely to recover to 78 or 80.

W. W. F., Rochester, N. Y.—If you intend to add to your holdings of Anglo-French 5s, quoted at 91¾, buy on the first little setback. They net 8.70 at the price given. The bonds are confidently expected to advance to par at the proper time. Much depends, of course, on the war's duration. The longer the struggle, the slower must be financial recovery in all participating countries. At this moment, Wall street feels highly sanguine respecting complete Entente success in the next twelve months. Should this opinion be strengthened by developments in the near future, the price of the bonds mentioned would speedily record another gain of three or four points. They were down to 81½ in 1917.

INVESTOR, Washington, D. C.—The comparative heaviness of Utah Copper reflects uncertainty as to the stability of the \$10 dividend. The necessity of another cut is not apparent, however, at present. The demand for copper is so great, and the need of record-shattering production so pressing, that the government may be forced to order an advance in the metal's value to 25 cents a pound. In the event of such action, the existing Utah dividend rate will no longer be thought in jeopardy. Copper, steel, nickel, coal, and ships—these will be the principal requisites in the world's industrial life for years to come. Therefore advise holding Utah and buying another certificate at the first favorable opportunity.

F. C., Keokuk, Iowa.—Colorado Fuel & Iron common will move up in the manner desired as soon as the controlling clique sees fit to start operations in earnest. The current price of 43 compares with a high notch of 58 in 1917. In 1916 the price rose to 64. The \$3 yearly dividend could conveniently be raised to \$4, the report for the three months ended March 31 showing a surplus, after dividends, of nearly \$1,000,000.

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#### Idiocy

In a small town in the upper part of New York state there was a youth who was considered half-witted by his fellow-citizens. One of the favorite stunts of the farmers of that section was to offer the youth a penny and a nickel at the same time to see which he would take. He invariably took the penny, whereat the agriculturalists would boisterously laugh. "Young man," said a stranger to the simple-minded youth one day after having witnessed the scene several times, "why is it that you always take the penny instead of the nickel?" "Suppose I took the nickel," whispered the youth, with a cautious glance toward the farmers, "would I ever get a chance to take another one?"

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When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.